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A

YEAR's JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE,

AND

PART OF SPAIN.

BY

PHILIP THICKNESSE.

VOLUME I.

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Directions to the Binder.

The Hermitage, with a ſingle Figure reading, before the Title-page.

The Inſcription on the Frize of the Maiſon Carrée, between 74 and 75.

The Maiſon Carrée, between Pages 78 and 79.

The Temple of Diana, between Pages 80 and 81.

The Bird Hermit, between Pages 194 and 195.

The Hermitage, with two Figures, between Pages 218 and 219.

AS the Author was in another kingdom when theſe ſheets were printed off, and thereby deprived of an opportunity of correcting many of the ſmaller errors, he hopes his readers will either overlook, or correct them, as they proceed.

Page 104, read *her ſhop*, not *as her ſhop*.

Page 108, for *Boulon*, read *Boulou*, which is *four* not *twelve* long leagues from Perpignan.

Page 123, read the *Golfe de Roſes*.

Page 125, for *ſeemèd*, read *ſeem*.

Page 128, line the third, read *got there*.

Page 130, for *Martory*, read *Martero*.

Page 171, for *Lundus*, read *Ludus*.

Page 189, omit the *and* in the firſt line.

Page 205, read *where* the ſnow is preſerved.

Page 223, for *ſetting*, read *ſitting*.

Page 226, read *where*, not *and where*.

Page 249, read *Pruſſian gentleman*.

Page 255, read *where* the following ſketch, &c.

Page 260, an *I* is omitted in the firſt line.

Page 292, read *Roſilion*.

Page 293, read leaving *Cette* on our *right*.

Page 250, read *zeal and of his building*, &c.

TO THE READER.

Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

HOR.

WHEN I firſt conceived the idea of publiſhing the following Letters by ſubſcription, I only thought it probable, I might raiſe, among a few friends, money ſufficient to pay for engraving a perſpective view of Montſerrat, and thereby make known to my countrymen, one of the moſt ſingular, and beautiful productions of Nature;—a ſpot too, not leſs to be noticed for its form than for its inhabitants; being

being the dwelling-place of religious, and virtuous men;—and virtuous men, whatever NATION, RELIGION, or climate they are of, are reſpectable men;—and therefore I have placed, under the nobleſt of all monuments, (a monument raiſed by the finger of GOD) the name of a Nobleman* of our own country; for whoſe private virtues, and public character, all good men, bear the higheſt reverence, and reſpect;—but when I look upon the long liſt of reſpectable names, which *now* follow that noble perſon's, I ſhould be overcome with ſhame and confuſion, were I not certain

* Lord Camden, to whom the view of Montſerrat is thus inſcribed:

To the Right Hon. CHARLES Lord CAMDEN,
Late LORD CHANCELLOR of GREAT-BRITAIN,
GREAT in that HIGH OFFICE,
But GREATER STILL in the Reſignation of it,
This plate is—&c. &c.

tain that the greater part of them came there, from motives of an HIGHER NATURE, than expectation of either entertainment, or information.

If, from having walked ſlowly over one mighty kingdom, and from having penetrated a little into another, I have thereby gained ſufficient information, to give a few uſeful hints to ſuch ſtrangers who may follow me, it is as much as I aimed at, and as much, I hope, as my candid Subſcribers can expect, when they conſider, that being driven out of my own country, with eight children in my train, my journey was rather undertaken to try *how*, and *where*, I could contrive to live, than to find amuſement for myſelf; much leſs, to furniſh entertainment to others.——I muſt confeſs, however, that I did find an infinite ſource

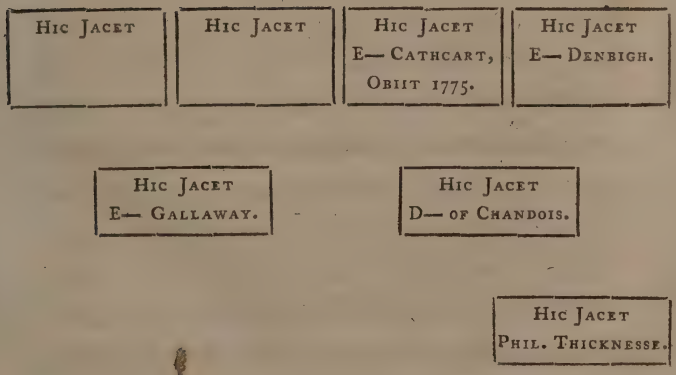
of

of amuſements; ſuch as were ſuitable to my age, and turn of mind; and I only lament, that I am ſo poorly qualified, to convey an idea of them to others. Beſide which, I gathered up on my long journey, that which neither KINGS can give, nor Riches purchaſe—HEALTH and CONTENTMENT!—The firſt, by exerciſe and temperance; the latter, by being convinced, that he is a happier man who can bear up againſt misfortunes and injuries, however grievous, which he could not prevent, than thoſe men who violate the laws they are placed to defend, by acts of the higheſt injuſtice, whether ariſing from perſonal pique, or political prejudices:—for in what, and where do all theſe worldly trifles end?—in ſorrow, ſickneſs, and in Death.—"† O eloquent, juſt, and mighty "Death!—

† Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the beſt and greateſt men this kingdom ever produced,——yet he died upon a ſcaffold!

" Death!—whom none could adviſe, thou
" haſt perſuaded; what none have dared,
" thou haſt done; and whom all the
" world hath flattered, thou only haſt caſt
" out of the world and deſpiſed; thou
" haſt drawn together all the far-fetched
" greatneſs, all the pride, cruelty, guilt,
" and ambition of man; and covered it
" over with theſe two narrow words—

" HIC JACET."



A

JOURNEY, &c.

LETTER I.

CALAIS, June 20th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

AS you are kind enough to ſay, that thoſe letters which I wrote from this kingdom, nine or ten years ago, were of ſome uſe to you, in the little tour you made through France ſoon after, and as they have been conſidered in ſome degree to be ſo to many other perſons, (ſince their publication) who were unacquainted with the manners and cuſtoms of the French nation, I ſhall endeavour to bring together, in this ſecond correſpondence with you, not only ſome of the former hints I

gave you, but ſuch other remarks as a longer acquaintance with the country, and a more extenſive tour, may furniſh me with; but before I proceed any further, let me remind you, of one great fault I was then guilty of; for though your partiality to me might induce you to overlook it, the public did not, I mean that of writing when my temper was diſturbed, either by croſs incidents I met with upon the road, or diſagreeable news which often followed me from my own country into this. I need not tell a man of your diſcernment, in what a different light all objects, whether animate, or inanimate, appear to thoſe, whoſe temper is diſturbed, either by ill health, ill treatment, or, what is perhaps more prevalent than either, the chagrin he may feel at not being rated in the eſtimation of others, according to that value he puts upon himſelf. Could Dr. Smollett riſe from the dead, and ſit down in perfect health, and good temper, and read his travels through France and Italy,

he

he would probably find moſt of his anger turned upon himſelf. But, poor man! he was ill; and meeting with, what every ſtranger muſt expect to meet, at moſt French inns, want of cleanlineſs, impoſition, and incivility; he was ſo much diſturbed by thoſe incidents, that to ſay no more of the writings of an ingenious and deceaſed author, his travels into France, and Italy, are the leaſt entertaining, in my humble opinion, of all his works. Indeed I have obſerved that moſt travellers fall into one extreme, or the other, and either are all panegyric, or all cenſure; in which caſe, all they ſay cannot be juſt; for, as all nations are governed by men, and the bulk of men of all nations live by artifice of one kind or other, the few men who paſs among them, without any ſiniſter views, cannot avoid feeling, and but few from complaining, of the ill treatment they meet with; not conſidering one of Swift's ſhrewd remarks; *I never*, ſaid he, *knew a man who could not*

bear the misfortunes of another perfectly like a Christian.

Remember therefore, when I tell you how ill I have been treated either by *Lords*, or *Aubergists*, or how dirtily served by either, it is to prepare myself and you too, to be content with neighbours' fare.

When a man writes remarks upon the manners and customs of other nations, he should endeavour to wean himself from all partiality for his own; and I need not tell you that I am in *full possession* of that single qualification, which I hope will make you some amends for my defects in all the others; for it is certainly unjust, uncandid, and illiberal, to pronounce a custom or fashion absurd, because it does not coincide with our ideas of propriety. A Turk who travelled into England would, upon his return to Constantinople, tell his countrymen, that at Canterbury, [being out of *opium*,] his host did not know even what he demanded;

demanded; and that it was with ſome difficulty he found out, that there were ſhops in the town where *opium* was ſold, and even then, it was with greater, he could prevail upon the vender of it to let him have above half an ounce: if he were queſtioned, why all theſe precautions? he would tell them, laughingly, that Engliſhmen believe *opium* to be a deadly poiſon, and thoſe people ſuſpected that he either meant to kill himſelf, or to poiſon another man with it.

A French gentleman, who travelled ſome years ſince into Spain, had letters of recommendation to a Spaniſh Biſhop, who received him with every mark of politeneſs, and treated him with much hoſpitality: ſoon after he retired to his bed-chamber, a prieſt entered it,* holding a veſſel in his hand, which was covered with a clean napkin; he ſaid ſomething; but the Frenchman

* The Biſhops in Spain are attended and waited on by the inferior clergy.

Frenchman underſtanding but little Spaniſh, intimated by ſigns his thanks, and deſired him to put it down, believing, that his friend, the Biſhop, had ſent him a plate of ſweetmeats, fruit, iced cream, or ſome kind of refreſhment to eat before he went to bed, or to refreſh his exhauſted ſpirits in the night: but his aſtoniſhment was great indeed, when he found the prieſt put the preſent under the ſide of the bed; and more ſo, when he perceived that it was only a *pot de chambre*;—for, ſays the Frenchman, "in Spain, they do not uſe the *chaiſe percée!*" The Frenchman is ſurpriſed at the Spaniard, for not uſing ſo convenient a vehicle; the Engliſhman is equally ſurpriſed, that the Frenchman does;—the Frenchman is always attentive to his own perſon, and ſcarce ever appears but clean and well dreſſed; while his houſe and private apartments are perhaps covered with litter and dirt, and in the utmoſt confuſion;—the Engliſhman, on the other hand, often neglects his external dreſs;

dreſs; but his houſe is always exquiſitely clean, and every thing in it kept in the niceſt order; and who ſhall ſay, which of the two judge the beſt for their own eaſe and happineſs? I am ſure the Frenchman will not give up his powdered hair, and laced coat, for a clean houſe; nor do I believe thoſe fineries would ſit quietly upon the back of an Engliſhman, in a dirty one. In ſhort, my dear ſir, we muſt take the world, and the things in it, as they are; it is a dirty world, but, like France, has a vaſt number of good things in it, and ſuch as I meet with, in this my third tour, which ſhall be a long one, if I am not *ſtopped* by the way, you ſhall have ſuch an account of as I am able to convey to you: I will not attempt to *top the traveller* upon you, nor raiſe monuments of wonder, where none are to be ſeen; there is real matter enough to be found upon this great continent, to amuſe a man who travels ſlowly over it, to ſee what is to be ſeen, and who wiſhes not to be ſeen himſelf. My

ſtyle

ſtyle of travelling is ſuch, that I can never be diſturbed in mind for want of reſpect, but rather be ſurpriſed when I meet with even common civility. And, after all, what does it ſignify, whether Monſieur *ou Tel* travels in a laced coat et *très bien mis*, attended by half a dozen ſervants, or, as Pope ſays,

* * * * " will run
" The Lord knows whither, in a chaiſe and one."

I am, your's, &c.

LETTER

LETTER II.

June 25th, 1776.

BEFORE I leave Calais, let me remind you, that an Engliſh guinea is worth more than a *Louis d'or*; and obſerve, that the firſt queſtion *my friend Monſ. Deſſein*, at the *Hotel D'Angleterre* will put to you, (after he has made his bow, and given you a ſide look, as a cock does at a barley-corn) is, whether you have any guineas to change? becauſe he gets by each guinea, full weight, ten *Sols*. By this hint, you will conclude, he will not, upon your return, aſk you for your French Gold; but in this too you will be miſtaken, for he finds an advantage in that alſo; he will not indeed give you guineas, but, in lieu thereof, he has always a large quantity of *Birmingham Shillings*, to truck with you for your *Louis d'ors*. I am afraid, when Lord North took into conſideration the

ſtate

ſtate of the gold coin, he did not know, that the better ſtate it is put into in England, is the ſureſt means of tranſporting it into France, and other countries; and that ſcarce a ſingle guinea which travellers carry with them to France, (and many hundred go every week) ever returns to England: Beſide this, the quantity of gold carried over to the ports of *Dunkirk*, *Boulogne*, and *Calais*, by the Smugglers, who always pay ready money, is incredible; but as money, and matters of that kind, are what I have but *little concern in*, I will not enlarge upon a ſubject no way intereſting to me, and ſhall only obſerve, that my landlord, *Monſ. Deſſein*, who was behind-hand with the world ten years ago, is now become one of the richeſt men in *Calais*, has built a little Theatre in his garden, and has united the profitable buſineſs of a Banker, to that of a Publican; and by ſtudying the *Gout* of the Engliſh nation, and changing their gold into French currency, has made, they ſay, a *Demi Plumb*.

Not-

Notwithſtanding the contiguity of *Calais* to England, and the great quantity of poultry, vegetables, game, &c. which are bought up every market-day, and conveyed to your coaſt, I am inclined to believe, there are not many parts of France where a man, who has but little money, can make it go further than in this town; nor is there any town in England, where the fiſhery is conducted with ſo much induſtry.

Yeſterday I viſited my unfortunate daughter, at the convent at *Ardres*;—but why do I ſay unfortunate? She is unfortunate only, in the eyes of the world, not in her own; nor indeed in mine, becauſe ſhe aſſured me ſhe is happy. I left her here, you know, ten years ago, by way of education, and learning the language; but the ſmall-pox, which ſeized her ſoon after, made ſuch havock on a face, rather favoured by nature, that ſhe deſired to hide it from the world, and ſpend her life in that retire-

ment,

ment, which I had chosen only to qualify her *for* the world. I left her a child; I found her a sensible woman; full of affection and duty; and her mangled and seamed face, so softened by an easy mind, and a good conscience, that she appeared in my partial eyes, rather an agreeable than a plain woman; but she did not omit to signify to me, that what others considered her misfortune, she considered (as it was not her fault) a happy circumstance; "if "my face is plain (said she) my heart is "light, and I am sure it will make as "good a figure in the earth, as the fairest, "and most beautiful." My only concern is, that I find the *Prieure* of this convent, either for want of more knowledge, or more money, or both, had received, as parlour boarders, some English ladies of very suspicious characters. As the conversation of such women might interrupt, and disturb that peace and tranquility of mind, in which I found my daughter, I told the *Prieure* my sentiments on that subject, not only

only with freedom, but with ſome degree of ſeverity; and endeavoured to convince her, how very unwarrantable, if not irreligiouſly ſhe acted. An abandoned, or vicious woman, may paint the pleaſures of this world in ſuch gaudy colours, to a poor innocent Nun, ſo as to induce her to forget, or become leſs attentive to the profeſſions ſhe has made to the next.

It was near this town, you know, that the famous interview paſſed between Henry the Eighth, and *Francis* the Firſt, in the year 1520; and though it laſted twenty-eight days, and was an event which produced at that time ſo many amuſements to all preſent, and ſo much converſation throughout Europe, the inhabitants of this town, or Calais, ſeem to know little of it, but that one of the baſtions at *Ardres* is called the Baſtion of the Two Kings.—There ſtill remains, however, in the front of one of the houſes in *Calais*, upon an ornamented ſtone, cut in old letter,

God ſave the King;

And

And I ſuppoſe that ſtone was put, where it now remains, by ſome loyal ſubject, before the King arrived, as it is in a ſtreet which leads from the gate (now ſtopped up) which Henry paſſed through.

LETTER III.

IN a very few days I ſhall leave this town, and having procured letters of recommendation from ſome men of faſhion, now in England, to their friends in *Spain*, I am determined to traverſe this, and make a little tour into that kingdom; ſo you may expect ſomething more from me, than merely ſuch remarks as may be uſeful to you on any future tour you make in France; I mean to conduct you at leaſt over the *Pyrenean* hills to *Barcelona*; for, though I have been two or three times before in Spain, it was early in life, and when my mind was more employed in obſerving the *cuſtoms* and *manors* of the birds, and beaſts of the field, than of their lords and maſters, and made too, on the other ſide of that kingdom. Having ſeen as much of Paris as I deſired, ſome years ago, I intend to paſs through the provinces of *Artois*,

Artois, *Champaigne*, *Bourgogne*, and ſo on to *Lyons*; by which rout you will perceive, I ſhall leave the capital of this kingdom many leagues on my right hand, and ſee ſome conſiderable towns, and taſte now and then of the moſt delicious wines, on the ſpots which produce them; beſide this, I have a great deſire to ſee the remains of a Roman ſubterranean town, lately diſcovered in *Champaigne*, which perhaps may gratify my curioſity in ſome degree, and thereby leſſen that deſire I have long had of viſiting *Herculaneum*, an *under-ground* town, you know, I always ſaid I would viſit, if a certain perſon happened to be put *under-ground* before me; but the CAUSE, and the event, in all human affairs, are not to be fathomed by men; for though the event happened, the *cauſe* fruſtrated my deſign; and I muſt croſs the *Pyrenean*, not the *Alpian* hills. But leſt I forget it, let me tell you, that as my travelling muſt be upon the frugal plan, I have ſold my four-wheel poſt-chaiſe, to *Monſ. Deſſein*, for twenty-

twenty-two guineas, and bought a French *cabriolet*, for ten, and likewiſe a very handſome Engliſh coach-horſe, (a little touched in the wind indeed) for ſeven. This equipage I have fitted up with every convenience I can contrive, to carry me, my wife, two daughters, and all my *other* baggage; you will conclude therefore, *light* as the latter may be, we are *bien chargé*; but as we move ſlowly, not above ſeven leagues a day, I ſhall have the more leiſure to look about me, and to conſider what ſort of remarks may prove moſt worthy of communicating from time to time to you. I ſhall be glad to leave this town, though it is, in one reſpect, ſomething like your's,* every day producing many *ſtrange faces*, and ſome very agreeable acquaintance. The arrival of the packet-boats from Dover conſtitutes the principal amuſement of this town. The greater part of the Engliſh *tranſports* who come over, do not proceed much further than to ſee the tobacco plan-

C tations

* Bath.

tations near *St. Omer's*; nor is their return home leſs entertaining than their arrival, as many of them are people of ſuch *quick parts*, that they acquire, in a week's tour to *Dunkirk*, *Bologne*, and *St. Omer's*, the *language*, dreſs, and manners of the country. You muſt not, however, expect to hear again from me, till I am further *a-field*. But leſt I forget to mention it in a future letter, let me refreſh your memory, as to your conduct at Dover, at Sea, and at *Calais*. In the firſt of theſe three diſagreeable places, (and the firſt is the worſt) you will ſoon be applied to by one of the Captains of the packets, or bye-boats, and if you hire the boat to yourſelf, he will demand five guineas; if you treat with another, it is all one, becauſe they are all, except one, partners and equally intereſted; and therefore will abate nothing. Captain Watſon is the only one who *ſwims upon his own bottom*; and as he is a good ſeaman, and has a clean, convenient, nay an elegant veſſel, I would rather turn the ſcale in his favour, becauſe

becauſe I am, as you will be, an enemy to all aſſociations which have a tendency to impoſition upon the public, and oppreſſion to ſuch who will not join in the general confederacy; yet I muſt, in juſtice to the Captains of the confederate party, acknowledge, that their veſſels are all good; *well found*; and that they are civil, decent-behaved men. As it is natural for them to endeavour to make the moſt of each *trip*, they will, if they can, foiſt a few paſſengers upon you, even after you have taken the veſſel to your own uſe only. If you are alone, this intruſion is not agreeable, but if you have ladies with you, never ſubmit to it; if they introduce men, who appear like gentlemen upon your veſſel, you cannot avoid treating them as ſuch; if women, you cannot avoid treating them with more attention than may be convenient, becauſe they *are* women; but were it only in conſideration of the ſeaſickneſs and its *conſequences*, can any thing be more diſagreeable than to admit people to

pot and *porringer* with you, in a ſmall cloſe cabin, with whom you would neither eat, drink, or converſe, in any other place? but theſe are not the only reaſons; every gentleman going to France ſhould avoid making new acquaintance, at Dover, at Sea, or at *Calais:* many *adventurers* are always paſſing, and many honeſt men are often led into grievous and dangerous ſituations by ſuch inconſiderate connections; nay, the beſt, and wiſeſt men, are the moſt liable to be off their guard, and therefore you will excuſe my pointing it out to you.

I could indeed relate ſome alarming conſequences, nay, ſome fatal ones, which have befallen men of honour and character in this country, from ſuch unguarded connections; and ſuch as they would not have been drawn into, on the other ſide of the "*invidious Streight.*" When an Engliſhman leaves his own country, and is got no further from it than to this town, he looks back upon it with an eye of partial affection;

tion; no wonder then, if he feels more diſpoſed to be kind to a countryman and a ſtranger he may meet in this.—I do not think it would be difficult to point out, what degree of intimacy would ariſe between two men who knew but little of each other, according to the part of the world they were to meet in.—I remember the time, when I only knew your perſon, and coveted your acquaintance; at that time we lived in the ſame town, knew each other's general character, but paſſed without ſpeaking, or even the compliment of the hat; yet had we met in London, we ſhould certainly have taken ſome civil notice of each other: had the interview been at York, it is five to one but it would have produced a converſation: at Edinburgh, or Dublin, we ſhould have dined, or gone to the play together: but if we had met at Barbadoes, I ſhould have been invited to ſpend a month at your PENN, and experienced many of thoſe marks of hoſpitality, friendſhip, and generoſity, I have found

from the Creoles in general. When you get upon the French coaſt, the packet brings to, and is ſoon boarded by a French boat, to carry the paſſengers on ſhore; this paſſage is much longer than it appears to be, is always diſagreeable, and ſometimes dangerous; and the landing, if the water be very low, intolerable: in this caſe, never mind the advice of the Captain; his advice is, and muſt be regulated by his *own* and his owner's intereſt, more than your convenience; therefore ſtay on board till there is water enough to ſail up to the town, and be landed by a plank laid from the packet to the ſhore, and do not ſuffer any body to perſuade you to go into a boat, or to be put on ſhore, by any other method, tho' the *packet-men* and the *French-men* unite to perſuade you ſo to do, becauſe they are mutually benefited by putting you to more expence, and the latter are entertained with ſeeing your cloaths dirted, or the ladies *frighted*. If moſt of the packet-boats are in *Calais* harbour, your Captain will uſe every argument

ment in his power to perſuade you to go on ſhore, in the French boat, becauſe he will, in that caſe, return directly to Dover, and thereby ſave eight-and-twenty ſhillings port duty. When we came over, I prevailed upon a large company to ſtay on board till there was water enough to ſail into the harbour: it is not in the power of the Captain to deceive you as to that matter, becauſe there is a red flag hoiſted gradually higher and higher, as the water flows into the harbour, at a little fort which ſtands upon *ſtilts* near the entrance of it. When you are got on ſhore, go directly to *Deſſein*'s; and be in no trouble about your baggage, horſes, or coach; the former will be all carried, by men appointed for that purpoſe, ſafely to the Cuſtom-houſe, and the latter wheeled up to your *Hotel*, where you will ſit down more quietly, and be entertained more decently, than at Dover.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

RHEIMS, in Champaigne.

LITTLE or nothing occurred to me worth remarking to you on my journey here, but that the province of *Artois* is a fine corn country, and that the French farmers ſeem to underſtand that buſineſs perfectly well. I was ſurpriſed to find, near *St. Omer's*, large plantations of tobacco, which had all the vigour and healthy appearance of that which I have ſeen grow in *poor* America. On my way here, (like the countryman in London, in gazing about) I miſſed my road; but a civil, and, in appearance, a ſubſtantial farmer, conducted us half a league over the fields, and marked out the courſe to get into it again, without returning directly back, a circumſtance I much hate, though perhaps it might have been the ſhorter way. However,

ever, before I gained the high road, I ſtumbled upon a private one, which led us into a little village pleaſantly ſituated, and inhabited by none other but the pooreſt peaſants; whoſe tattered habits, wretched houſes, and ſmiling countenances, convinced me, that chearfulneſs and contentment ſhake hands oftener under thatched than painted roofs. We found one of theſe villagers as ready to boil our tea-kettle, provide butter, milk, &c. as we were for our breakfaſts; and during the preparation of it, I believe every man, woman, and child of the hamlet, was come down to *look at us*; for beſide that wonderful curioſity common to this whole nation, the inhabitants of this village had never before ſeen an Engliſhman; they had heard indeed often of the country, they ſaid, and that it was *un pays très riche.* There was ſuch a general delight in the faces of every age, and ſo much civility, I was going to ſay politeneſs, ſhewn to us, that I caught a temporary chearfulneſs in this village, which

which I had not felt for ſome months before, and which I intend to carry with me. I therefore took out my guittar, and played till I ſet the whole aſſembly in motion; and ſome, in ſpite of their wooden ſhoes, and others without any, danced in a manner not to be ſeen among our Engliſh peaſants. They had "ſhoes like a ſauce-boat," but no "ſteeple-clock'd hoſe." While we breakfaſted, one of the villagers fed my horſe with ſome freſh-mowed hay, and it was with ſome difficulty I could prevail upon him to be paid for it, becauſe the trifle I offered was much more than his *Court of Conſcience* informed him it was worth. I could moralize here a little; but I will only aſk you, in which ſtate think you man is beſt; the untaught man, in that of nature, or the man whoſe mind is enlarged by education and a knowledge of the world? The behaviour of the inhabitants of this little hamlet had a very forcible effect upon me; becauſe it brought me back to my earlier days, and reminded me

me of the reception I met with in America by what we now call the *Savage* Indians; yet I have been received in the ſame courteous manner in a little hamlet, unarmed, and without any other protection but the law of nature, by thoſe *ſavages*;—indeed it was before the *Savages of Europe* had inſtructed them in the art of war, or Mr. Whitfield had preached *methodiſm* among them. Therefore, I only tell you what they *were* in 1735, not what they *are at preſent*. When I viſited them, they walked in the flowery paths of Nature; now, I fear, they tread the polluted roads of blood. Perhaps of all the uncivilized nations under the ſun, the native Indians of America *were* the moſt humane; I have ſeen an hundred inſtances of their humanity and integrity;—when a white man was under the laſh of the executioner, at *Savannah in Georgia*, for uſing an Indian woman ill, I ſaw *Torno Chaci*, their King, run in between the offender and the corrector, ſaying, "*whip me, not him*;"—

the

the King was the complainant, indeed, but the man deſerved a much ſeverer chaſtiſement. This was a *Savage King*. Chriſtian Kings too often care not who is whipt, ſo they eſcape the ſmart.

LETTER

LETTER V.

RHEIMS.

WE arrived at this city before the buſtle which the coronation of *Louis* the 16th occaſioned was quite over; I am ſorry I did not ſee it, becauſe I now find it was worth ſeeing; but I ſtaid at *Calais* on purpoſe to avoid it; for having paid two guineas to ſee the coronation of George the Third, I determined never more to be put to any extraordinary expence on the ſcore of *crowned heads*. However, my curioſity has been well gratified in hearing it talked over, and over again, and in reading *Marmontell*'s letter to a friend upon that ſubject; but I will not repeat what he, or others have ſaid upon the occaſion, becauſe you have, no doubt, ſeen in the Engliſh papers a tolerable good one; only that the Queen was ſo overcome with the repeated ſhouts and plaudits of her new

ſubjects,

ſubjects, that ſhe was obliged to retire. The fine Gothic cathedral, in which the ceremony was performed, is indeed a church worthy of ſuch a ſolemnity; the portal is the fineſt I ever beheld; the windows are painted in the very beſt manner; nor is there any thing within the church but what ſhould be there. I need not tell you that this is the province which produces the moſt delicious wine in the world; but I will aſſure you, that I ſhould have drank it with more pleaſure, had you been here to have partook of it. In the cellars of one wine-merchant, I was conducted thro' long paſſages more like ſtreets than caves; on each ſide of which, bottled *Champaigne* was piled up ſome feet higher than my head, and at leaſt twelve deep. I bought two bottles to taſte, of that which the merchant aſſured me was each of the beſt ſort he had, and for which I paid him ſix livres: if he ſells all he had in bottles at that time, and at the ſame price, I ſhall not exceed the bounds of truth if I ſay,

I ſaw

I ſaw ten thouſand pounds worth of bottled *Champaigne* in his cellars. Neither of the bottles, however, contained wine ſo good as I often drank in England; but perhaps we are deceived, and find it more palatable by having ſugar in it; for I ſuſpect that moſt of the *Champaigne* which is bottled for the uſe of Engliſh conſumption, is ſo prepared. That you may know however, for the future, whether Champaigne or any other wine is ſo adulterated, I will give you an infallible method to prove:—fill a ſmall long-necked bottle with the wine you would prove, and invert the neck of it into a tumbler of clear water; if the wine be genuine, it will all remain in the bottle; if adulterated, with ſugar, honey, or any other ſweet ſubſtance, the ſweets will all paſs into the tumbler of water, and leave the genuine wine behind. The difference between ſtill *Champaigne*, and that which is *mouſſer*, is owing to nothing more than the time of the year in which it is bottled.

I found

I found in this town an Engliſh gentleman, from whom we received many civilities, and who made us acquainted with a French gentleman and lady, whoſe partiality to the Engliſh nation is ſo great, that their neighbours call their houſe "THE ENGLISH HOTEL." The partiality of ſuch a family is a very flattering, as well as a very pleaſing circumſtance, to thoſe who are ſo happy to be known to them, becauſe they are not only the firſt people in the town, but the *beſt*; and in point of talents, inferior to none, perhaps, in the kingdom. I muſt not, after ſaying ſo much, omit to tell you, it is *Monſieur & Madame de Jardin*, of whom I ſpeak; they live in the GRANDE PLACE, *vis-à-vis* the ſtatue of the King; and if ever you come to Rheims, be aſſured you will find it a GOOD PLACE. *Madame de Jardin* is not only one of the higheſt-bred women in France, but one of the firſt in point of letters, and that is ſaying a great deal, for

France

France abounds more with women of that turn than England. Mrs. Macaulay, Mrs. Carter, Miſs Aikin, and Mrs. Montague, are the only four ladies I can recollect in England who are celebrated for their literary genius; in France, I could find you a ſcore or two. To give you ſome idea of the regard and affection *Monſ. de Jardin* has for his wife,—for French huſbands, now and then, love their wives as well as we Engliſhmen do,—I ſend you a line I found in his ſtudy, wrote under his lady's miniature picture:

" Chaque inſtant à mes yeux la rend
" Plus eſtimable."

This town ſtands in a vaſt plain, is of great extent, and encloſed within high walls, and a deep ditch. The public walks are of great extent, nobly planted, and the fineſt in the whole kingdom. It is, indeed, a large and opulent city, and abounds not only with the beſt wine, but every thing that is good; and every thing is plenty,

and consequently cheap. The fruit market, in particular, is superior to every thing of the kind I ever beheld; but I will not tantalize you by saying any more upon that subject. Adieu!

P. S. The Antiquarian will find amusement in this town. There are some Roman remains worthy of notice; but such as require the information of the inhabitant to be seen.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

DIJON.

YOU will laugh, perhaps, when I tell you, I could hardly refrain from tears when I took leave of the *Dejardin* family at *Rheims*,—but ſo it was. Good-breeding, and attention, have ſo much the appearance of friendſhip, that it may, and often does, deceive the moſt diſcerning men;—no wonder, then, if I was unhappy in leaving a town, where I am ſure I met with the firſt, and had ſome reaſon to believe I ſhould have found the latter, had we ſtaid to cultivate it. *Bourgogne* is, however, a much finer province than Champaigne; and this town is delightfully ſituated; that it is a cheap province, you will not doubt, even to Engliſh travellers, when I tell you, that I had a good ſupper for four perſons, three decent beds, good hay, and plenty of corn, for my horſe, at an inn upon this road, and

was charged only four livres ten ſols! not quite four ſhillings. Nor was it owing to any miſtake; for I lay the following night at juſt ſuch another inn, and was charged juſt the ſame price for nearly the ſame entertainment. They were carriers' inns, indeed, but I know not whether they were not, upon the whole, better, and cleaner too, than ſome of the town *auberges*. I need not therefore tell you, I was ſtraggled a little out of *le Rout Anglois*, when I found ſuch a *bon Marchè*.

Dijon is pleaſantly ſituated, well built, and the country round about it is as beautiful as nature could well make it. The ſhady walks round the whole town are very pleaſing, and command a view of the adjacent country. The excellence of the wine of this province, you are better acquainted with than I am; though I muſt confeſs, I have drank better burgundy in England than I have yet taſted here: but I am not ſurprized at that; for at Madeira

I could

I could not get wine that was even tolerable.

I found here, two genteel Engliſh gentlemen, Meſſ. Plowden and Smyth, from whom we received many marks of attention and politeneſs.——Here, I imagined I ſhould be able to bear ſeeing the execution of a man, whoſe crimes merited, I thought, the ſevereſt puniſhment. He was broke upon the wheel; ſo it is called; but the wheel is what the body is fixed upon to be expoſed on the high-road after the execution. This man's body, however, was burnt. The miſerable wretch (a young ſtrong man) was brought in the evening, by a faint torch light, to a chapel near the place of execution, where he might have continued in prayer till midnight; but after one hour ſpent there, he walked to, and mounted the ſcaffold, accompanied by his confeſſor, who with great earneſtneſs continually preſented to him, and bad him kiſs, the crucifix he carried in his hand. When

the priſoner came upon the ſcaffold, he very willingly laid himſelf upon his back, and extended his arms and legs over a croſs, that was laid flat and fixed faſt upon the ſcaffold for that purpoſe, and to which he was ſecurely tied by the executioner and his mother, who aſſiſted her ſon in this horrid buſineſs. Part of the croſs was cut away, in eight places, ſo as to leave a hollow vacancy where the blows were to be given, which are, between the ſhoulder and elbow, elbow and wriſt, thigh and knee, and knee and ancle. When the man was ſecurely tied down, the end of a rope which was round his neck, with a running nooſe, was brought through a hole in and under the ſcaffold; this was to give the *Coup de Grace*, after breaking: a *Coup* which relieved him, and all the agitated ſpectators, from an infinite degree of miſery, except only, the executioner and his mother, for they both ſeemed to enjoy the deadly office. When the blows were given, which were made with a heavy piece

of

of iron, in the form of a butcher's cleaver without an edge, the bones of the arms and legs were broke in eight places; at each blow, the ſufferer called out, O God! without ſaying another word, or even uttering a groan. During all this time, the Confeſſor called upon him continually to kiſs the croſs, and to remember Chriſt, his Redeemer. Indeed, there was infinite addreſs, as well as piety, in the conduct of the Confeſſor; for he would not permit this miſerable wretch to have one moment's reflection about his bodily ſufferings, while a matter of ſo much more importance was depending; but even thoſe eight blows ſeemed nothing to two dreadful after-claps, for the executioner then untied the body, turned his back upwards, and gave him two blows on the ſmall of the back with the ſame iron weapon; and yet, even that did not put an end to the life and ſufferings of the malefactor! for the finiſhing ſtroke was, after all this, done by the halter, and then the body was thrown into a great

great fire, and conſumed to aſhes. There were two or three executions ſoon after, but of a more moderate kind. Yet I hope I need not tell you, that I ſhall never attend another; and would feign have made my eſcape from this, but it was impoſſible.——Here, too, I ſaw upwards of fourſcore criminals linked together, by one long chain, and ſo they were to continue till they arrived in the galleys at *Marſeilles*. Now I am ſure you will be, as I was, aſtoniſhed to think, an old woman, the mother of the executioner, ſhould willingly aſſiſt in a buſineſs of ſo horrid a nature; and, I dare ſay, you will be equally aſtoniſhed that the magiſtrates of the city permitted it. Decency, and regard to the ſex, alone, one would think, ſhould have put a ſtop to a practice ſo repugnant to both; and yet, perhaps, not one perſon in the town conſidered it in that light. Indeed, no other perſon would have aſſiſted, and the executioner muſt have done all the buſineſs himſelf, if his mother had not been

one

one of that part of the *fair ſex*, which Addiſon pleaſantly mentions, "*as rakers of cinders*;" for the executioner could not have found a ſingle perſon to have given him any aſſiſtance. There was a guard of the *Marechauſſée*, to prevent the priſoners' eſcape; but none that would have lifted up a little finger towards forwarding the execution; the office is hereditary and infamous, and the officer is ſhut out of all ſociety. His perquiſites, however, were conſiderable; near ten pounds, I think, for this ſingle execution; and he had a great deal more buſineſs coming on. I would not have given myſelf the pain of relating, nor you the reading, the particulars of this horrid affair, but to obſerve, that it is ſuch examples as theſe, that render travelling in France, in general, ſecure. I ſay, in general; for there are, nevertheleſs, murders committed very frequently upon the high roads in France; and were thoſe murders to be made known by news-papers, as ours are in England, perhaps it would

would greatly intimidate travellers of their own, as well as other nations. But as the murdered, and murderers, are generally foot-travellers, though the dead body is found, the murderer is eſcaped; and as nobody knows either party, nobody trouble themſelves about it. All over France, you meet with an infinite number of people travelling on foot, much better dreſſed than you find, in general, the ſtage-coach gentry in England. Moſt of theſe foot-travellers are young expenſive tradeſmen, and artiſts, who have paid their debts by a light pair of heels; when their money is exhauſted, the ſtronger falls upon the weaker, knocks out his brains, and furniſhes himſelf with a little money; and theſe murders are never ſcarce heard of above a league from the place where they are committed; for which reaſon, you never meet a foot-traveller in France, without arms, of one kind or other, and carried for one *purpoſe*, or the *other*. Gentlemen, however, who travel only in the day-time,

day-time, and who are armed, have but little danger to apprehend; yet it is neceſſary to be upon their guard when they paſs through great woods, and to keep in the *middle* of the road, ſo as not to be too ſuddenly ſurpriſed; becauſe a *convenient* opportunity may induce two or three *honeſt* travellers to embrace a favourable occaſion of repleniſhing their purſes; and as they always murder thoſe whom they attack, if they can, thoſe who are attacked ſhould never ſubmit, but defend themſelves to the utmoſt of their power. Though the woods are dangerous, there are, in my opinion, plains which are much more ſo; a high hill which commands an extenſive plain, from which there is a view of the road ſome miles, both ways, is a place where a robber has nothing to fear but from thoſe whom he attacks; and he is morally certain of making his eſcape one way or the other: but in a wood, he may be as ſuddenly ſurpriſed, as he is in a ſituation to ſurpriſe others; for this reaſon, I have been

been more on my guard when I have ſeen people approach me on an extenſive plain, than when I have paſſed through deep woods; nor would I ever let any of thoſe people come too near my chaiſe; I always ſhewed them the *utmoſt diſtance*, and made them return the compliment, by bidding them, if they offered to come out of their line, to keep off: this ſaid in a peremptory manner, and with a ſtern look, is never taken ill by honeſt men, and has a forcible effect upon raſcals, for they immediately conclude you think yourſelf ſuperior to them, and then they will think ſo too: whatever comes unexpected, is apt to diſmay; whole armies have been ſeized with a panic from the moſt trifling artifice of the oppoſite general, and ſuch as, by a minute's reflection, would have produced a contrary effect: the King's troops gave way at Falkirk; the reaſon was, they were diſmayed at ſeeing the rebels (I *beg pardon*) come down *pell mell* to attack them with their broad ſwords! it was a new way of fighting,

fighting, and, they weakly thought, an invincible one; but had General Cope previouſly rode through the ranks, and appriſed the troops with the manner of their fighting, and aſſured them how feeble the effect of ſuch weapons would be upon men armed with muſket and bayonet, which is exactly the truth, not a man would have retired; yet, *trim-tram*, they all run, and the General, it is ſaid, gave the earlieſt notice of his own defeat! But I ſhould have obſerved, above, that the laws of France being different, in different provinces, have the contrary effect in the ſouthern parts, to what they were intended. The *Seigneur* on whoſe land a murdered body is found, is obliged to pay the expence of bringing the criminal to juſtice. Some of theſe lordſhips are very ſmall; and the proſecuting a murderer to puniſhment, would coſt the lord of the manor more than his whole year's income; it becomes his intereſt, therefore, to hide the dead body, rather than purſue the living villain; and,

and, as whoever has property, be it ever ſo ſmall, has peaſants about him who will be glad to obtain his favour, he is ſure that when any of theſe peaſants ſee a murdered body, they will give him the earlieſt notice, and the ſame night the body is for ever hid, and no enquiry is made after the offender. I ſaw hang on the road ſide, a family of nine, a man, his wife, and ſeven children, who had lived many years by murder and robberies; and I am perſuaded that road murders are very common in France; yet people of any condition may, nevertheleſs, travel through France with great ſafety, and always obtain a guard of the *Marechauſſée*, through woods or foreſts, or where they apprehend there is any danger.

P. S. The following method of buying and ſelling the wine of this province, may be uſeful to you.

To

To have good Burgundy, that is, wine *de la premiere tete*, as they term it, you muſt buy it at from 400 to 700 livres. There are wines ſtill dearer, up to 1000 or 1200 livres; but it is allowed, that beyond 700 livres, the quality is not in proportion to the price; and that it is in great meaſure a matter of fancy.

The carriage of a queue of wine from Dijon to Dunkirk, or to any frontier town near England, coſts an hundred livres, ſomething more than four ſols a bottle; but if ſent in the bottle, the carriage will be juſt double. The price of the bottles, hampers, package, &c. will again increaſe the expence to ſix ſols a bottle more; ſo that wine which at firſt coſt 600 livres, or 25 ſols a bottle, will, when delivered at Dunkirk, be worth 29 ſols a bottle, if bought in caſk; if in bottles, 39 ſols.—Now add to this the freight, duties, &c. to London; and as many pounds ſterling

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as all theſe expences amount to upon a queue of wine, juſt ſo many French ſols muſt be charged to the price of every bottle. The reduction of French ſols to Engliſh ſterling money is very plain, and of courſe the price of the beſt burgundy delivered in London, eaſily calculated.

If the wine be ſent in caſks, it is adviſeable to chooſe rather a ſtronger wine, becauſe it will mellow, and form itſelf in the carriage. It ſhould be double caſked, to prevent, as much as poſſible, the frauds of the carriers. This operation will coſt ſix or eight livres per piece; but the great and principal object is, whom to truſt to buy the beſt, and to convey it ſafely. I doubt, it muſt not paſs through the hands of Monſ. C——, if he deals in wine as he does in drapery, and bills of exchange.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

LYONS.

UPON our arrival at *Chalons*, I was much diſappointed; as I intended to have embarked on the *Soane*, and have ſlipped down here in the *coche d'eau*, and thereby have ſaved my horſe the fatigue of dragging us hither: but I could only ſpare him that of drawing my heavieſt baggage. The *coche d'eau* is too ſmall to take horſes and *cabriolets* on board at *Chalons*; but at *Lyons*, they will take horſes, and coaches, or houſes, and churches, if they could be put on board, to deſcend the Rhone, to *Pont St. Eſprit*, or *Avignon*. So after we have taken a fortnight's reſt here, I intend rolling down with the rapid current, which the united force of thoſe two mighty rivers renders, as I am aſſured, a ſhort, eaſy, and delightful paſſage.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the country we paſſed through from *Chalons* here. When we got within a few leagues of this great city, we found every mountain, hill, and dale, ſo covered with *châteaux*, country houſes, farms, &c. that they appeared like towns, villages, and hamlets. Nothing can be a ſtronger proof of the great wealth of the citizens of *Lyons*, than that they can afford to build ſuch houſes, many of which are more like palaces, than the country retreat of *bourgeois*. The proſpect from the higheſt part of the road, a league or two from Lyons, is ſo extenſive, ſo pictureſque, and ſo enchantingly beautiful, that, impatient as I was to enter into the town, I could not refrain ſtopping at a little ſhabby wine-houſe, and drinking coffee under their mulberry trees, to enjoy the warm day, the cooling breeze, and the noble proſpects which every way ſurrounded us.

The

The town of *Lyons*, too, which ſtands nearly in the center of Europe, has every advantage for trade, which men in trade can deſire. The *Soane* runs through the centre of it, and is covered with barges and boats, loaded with hay, wood, corn, and an infinite variety of goods from all parts of the kingdom; while the *Rhone*, on the other ſide, is ſtill more ſerviceable; for it not only ſupplies the town with all the above neceſſaries of life, but conveys its various manufactures down to the ports of the *Mediterranean* ſea expeditiouſly, and at little expence. The ſmall boats, which ply upon the Soane as ours do upon the Thames, are flat bottomed, and very meanly built; they have, however, a tilt to ſhelter them from the heat, and to preſerve the complexion, or hide the *bluſhes* of your female *Patronne:*—yes, my dear Sir, female!—for they are all conducted by females; many of whom are young, handſome, and neatly dreſſed. I have,

more than once, been diſpoſed to bluſh, when I ſaw a pretty woman ſitting juſt oppoſite me, labouring in an action which I thought would have been more becoming myſelf. I aſked one of theſe female *ſculls*, how ſhe got her bread in the winter? Oh, Sir, ſaid ſhe, giving me a very ſignificant look, ſuch a one as you can better conceive, than I convey, *dans l'hiver J'ai un autre talent*. And I aſſure you I was glad ſhe did not exerciſe *both her talents* at the ſame time of the year; yet I could not refrain from giving her a double fee, for a ſingle fare, as I thought there was ſomething due to her *winter* as well as ſummer abilities.

But I muſt not let my little *Bateliere*'s talents prevent me, while I think of it, telling you, that I did viſit, and ſtay ſome days at the Roman town lately diſcovered in Champaigne, which I mentioned to you in a former letter: it ſtood upon a mountain, now called the *Chatelet*, the foot of which

which is watered by a good river, and its ſides with *good wine*. *Monſieur Grignon*, whoſe houſe ſtands very near it, and who has there an iron manufacture, firſt diſcovered the remains of this ancient town; his men, in digging for iron ore, found wrought gold, beſide other things, which convinced *Monſ. Grignon* (who is a man of genius) that it was neceſſary to inform the King with what they had diſcovered; in conſequence of which, his Majeſty ordered the foundations to be laid open; and I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing in *Monſ. Grignon*'s cabinet an infinite number of Roman utenſils, ſuch as weights, meaſures, kitchen furniture, vaſes, buſts, locks, ſwords, inſcriptions, pottery ware, ſtatues, &c. which afforded me, and would you, a great deal of pleaſure, as well as information. *Monſ. Grignon*, the elder, was gone to Paris; a circumſtance which gave me great concern to hear before I went to his houſe, but which was ſoon removed by the politeneſs, and hoſpitable manner I was received by his ſon:

yet, my only recommendation to either, was my being a ſtranger; and being a ſtranger is, in general, a good recommendation to a Frenchman, for, upon all ſuch occaſions, they are never ſhy, or backward in communicating what they know, or of gratifying the curioſity of an inquiſitive traveller; their houſes, cabinets, and gardens, are always open; and they ſeem rather to think they receive, than grant a favour, to thoſe who viſit them. How many fine gardens, valuable cabinets, and curioſities, have we in England, ſo ſhut up, that the difficulty of acceſs renders them as unentertaining to the public, as they are to the ſordid and ſelfiſh poſſeſſors! I am thoroughly ſatisfied that the town I am ſpeaking of was deſtroyed by fire, and not, as has been imagined, by any convulſion of the earth, as I found, among a hundred other ſtrong proofs of it, an infinite number of pieces of melted glaſs, lead, &c. But though I examined the cellars of eight hundred Roman citizens, the ſelfiſh rogues had

had not left a ſingle bottle of wine.——I longed to taſte the *old Falernian* wine, of ſeventeen hundred years.

I write from time to time to you; but not without often thinking it is a great preſumption in me to ſuppoſe I can either entertain, or inſtruct you; but I proceed, upon your commands, and the authority of Lord Bacon, who ſays, he is ſurpriſed to find men make diaries in ſea voyages, where nothing is to be ſeen but ſky and ſea, and for the moſt part omit it in land travels, where ſo much is to be obſerved; as if chance were better to be regiſtered than obſervation. When you are tired of my regiſter, remember, I can *take* as well as *give* a *hint*.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

PONT ST. ESPRIT.

AFTER a voyage of one whole, and one half day, without ſail or oar, we arrived here from Lyons. The weather was juſt ſuch as we could wiſh, and ſuch as did not drive us out of the ſeat of my *cabriolet* into the cabbin, which was full of prieſts, monks, friars, milleners, &c. a motley crew! who were very noiſy, and what they thought, I dare ſay, very good company; the deck, indeed, afforded better and purer air; three officers, and a prieſt; but it was not till late the firſt day before they took any civil notice of us; and if a Frenchman ſhews any backwardneſs of that ſort, an Engliſhman, I think, had better *hold up:* this rule I always religiouſly obſerve. When the night came on, we were landed in as much diſorder

diſorder as the troops were embarked at *St. Cas*, and lodged in a miſerable *auberge*. It was therefore no mortification to be called forth for embarkation before day-light. The bad night's lodging was, however, amply made up to us, by the beautiful and pictureſque objects and variety which every minute produced. For the banks of this mighty river are not only charged on both ſides with a great number of towns, villages, caſtles, *châtcaux*, and farm-houſes, but the ragged and broken mountains above, and fertile vales between and beneath, altogether exhibit a mixture of delight and aſtoniſhment, which cannot be deſcribed, unleſs I had Gainſborough's elegant pencil, inſtead of my own clumſy pen. Upon comparing notes, we found that the officers, (and no men underſtand the *etiquette* of travelling better than they do,) had not fared much better than we had; one of them therefore propoſed, that we ſhould all ſup together that night at *Pont St. Eſprit*, where,

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he aſſured us, there was one of the beſt cooks in France, and he would undertake to regulate the ſupper at a reaſonable price. This was the firſt time we had eat with other company, though it is the general practice in the ſouthern parts of France. Upon entering the houſe, where this *Maître Cuiſinier* and prime miniſter of the kitchen preſided, I began to conceive but an indifferent opinion of the Major's judgment; the houſe, the kitchen, the cook, were, in appearance, all againſt it; yet, in ſpite of all, I never ſat down to ſo good a ſupper; and ſhould be ſorry to ſit often at table, where ſuch a one was ſet before me. I will not—nay, I cannot tell you what we had; but you will be ſurpriſed to know what we paid;—what think you of three livres each? when I aſſure you, ſuch a ſupper, if it were to be procured in London, could not be provided for a guinea a head! and we were only ſeven who ſat down to it.

I muſt

I muſt not omit to tell you, that all the ſecond day's voyage we heard much talk of the danger there would be in paſſing the Bridge of *Pont St. Eſprit*; and that many horſes and men landed ſome miles before we arrived there, chooſing rather to walk or ride in the hot ſun, than ſwim through *ſo much danger*. Yet the truth is, there was none; and, I believe, ſeldom is any. The *Patron* of the barge, indeed, made a great noiſe, and affected to ſhew how much ſkill was neceſſary to guide it through the main arch, for I think the bridge conſiſts of thirty; yet the current itſelf muſt carry every thing through that approaches it, and he muſt have ſkill, indeed, who could avoid it. There was not in the leaſt degree any fall; but yet, it paſſed through with ſuch violence, that we run half a league in a minute; and very ſoon after landed at the town of Pont St. Eſprit, which has nothing in it very remarkable, but this long bridge,

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the good cook, and the firſt olive trees we had ſeen.

This is Lower *Languedoc*, you know, and the province in which ten thouſand pounds was lately diſtributed by the *ſagacious* Chancellor of England, among an hundred French peaſants; and though I was *weak enough* to think it *my property*, I am not wicked enough to envy them their good fortune. If the deciſion made one man wretched, it made the hearts of many glad; and I ſhould be pleaſed to drink a bottle of wine with any of my fortunate couſins, and will, if I can find them out; for they are my couſins; and I would ſhake an honeſt couſin by the hand, tho' he were in wooden ſhoes, with more pleaſure than I would the honeſt Chancellor who put them *ſo unexpectedly* upon a better footing. I think, by the *laws* of England, no money is to be tranſported into other kingdoms; by the JUSTICE of it, it may, and is;—if ſo, law and juſtice are

ſtill

ſtill at variance; which puts me in mind of what a great man once ſaid upon reading the confirmation of a decree in the Houſe of Lords, from an Iriſh appeal:—" It is (ſaid he) ſo very abſurd, inconſiſtent, and intricate, that, in truth, I am afraid it is really made according to law."

LETTER

LETTER IX.

NISMES.

ON our way here we eat an humble meal; which was, nevertheleſs, a moſt grateful *repas*, for it was under the principal arch of the *Pont du Gard*. It will be needleſs to ſay more to you of this noble monument of antiquity, than that the modern addition to it has not only made it more durable, but more uſeful: in its original ſtate, it conveyed only horſe and man, over the River *Gorden*, (perhaps *Gardon*) and water, to the city of *Niſmes*. By the modern addition, it now conveys every thing over it, but water, as well as an high idea of Roman magnificence; for beſide the immenſe expence of erecting a bridge of a triple range of arches, over a river, and thereby uniting the upper arches to the mountains on each ſide, the ſource from

from whence the water was conveyed, is ſix leagues diſtant from *Niſmes*. The bridge is twenty-four *toiſes* high, and above an hundred and thirty-three in length, and was *my ſole property* for near three hours; for during that time, I ſaw neither man nor beaſt come near it; every thing was ſo ſtill and quiet, except the murmuring ſtream which runs gently under two or three of the arches, that I could almoſt have perſuaded myſelf, from the ſilence, and rude ſcenes which every way preſented themſelves, that all the world were as dead as the men who erected it. That ſide of the bridge where none of the modern additions appear, is nobly fillagreed by the hand of time; and the other ſide is equally pleaſing, by being a well-executed ſupport to a building which, without its aid, would in a few ages more have fallen into ruins.

I was aſtoniſhed to find ſo fine a building ſtanding in ſo pleaſant a ſpot, and which

which offers ſo many invitations to make it the abode of ſome hermit, quite deſtitute of ſuch an inhabitant; but it did not afford even a beggar, to tell the ſtrange ſtories which the common people relate; though it could not fail of being a very lucrative poſt, were it only from the bounty of ſtrangers, who viſit it out of curioſity; but a Frenchman, whether monk, or mumper, has no idea of a life of ſolitude: yet I am ſure, were it in England, there are many of our *firſt-rate beggars*, who would lay down a large ſum for a moiety of *ſuch a walk*. If a moiety of ſweeping the kennel from the Mews-gate to the Iriſh coffee-houſe oppoſite to it, could fetch a good price, and I was a witneſs once that it did, to an unfortunate beggar-woman, who was obliged by ſickneſs to part with half of it; what might not a beggar expect, who had the *ſweeping* of the *Pont du Gard*; or a monk, who erected a confeſſional box near it for the benefit of *himſelf*, and the ſouls of poor travellers?

After

After examining every part of the bridge, above and below, I could not find the leaſt traces of any ancient inſcription, except three initial letters, C, P, A; but I found cut in *demi relief* a very extraordinary kind of *priapus*, or rather group of them; the country people, for it is much effaced, imagine it to be dogs in purſuit of a hare; but if I may be permitted to *imagine* too, perhaps, indeed, with no better judgment, might not thoſe kind of repreſentations be emblematical of the populouſneſs of the country? though more probably the wanton fancies of the maſter maſon, or his journeymen; for they are too diminutive pieces of work to bear any proportion to the whole, and are therefore blemiſhes, not ornaments, even allowing that in thoſe ages ſuch kind of works were not conſidered in the light they would be in theſe days of more delicacy and refinement.

LETTER X.

NISMES.

I HAVE now been here ſome time, and have employed moſt of it, in viſiting daily the *Maiſon Carrée*, the *Amphitheâtre*, the Temple of *Diana*, and other Roman remains, which this town abounds with above all others in France, and which is all the town affords worthy of notice, (for it is but a very indifferent one.) The greater part of the inhabitants are Proteſtants, who meet publicly between two rocks, at a little diſtance from the city, every Sunday, ſometimes not leſs than eighteen thouſand, where their paſtors, openly and audibly, perform divine ſervice, according to the rites of the reformed church: Such is the difference between the mild government of *Louis* the 16th, and that which was practiſed in the reign of

his great grandfather. But reaſon and philoſophy have made more rapid ſtrides in France, within theſe few years, than the arts and ſciences. It is, however, a great and mighty kingdom, bleſt with every convenience and comfort in life, as well as many luxuries, beſide good wine; and good wine, drank in moderation, (and *here* nobody drinks it otherwiſe) is not only an excellent cordial to the nerves, but I am perſuaded it contributes to long life, and good health. Here, where wine and *eau de vie* is ſo plenty, and ſo cheap too, you ſeldom meet a drunken peaſant, and never ſee a gentleman *(except he be a ſtranger)* in that ſhameful ſituation.

Perhaps there is not, on any part of the Continent, a city or town which has been ſo frequently ſacked by foreign invaders, nor ſo deeply ſtained with human blood, by civil and religious wars, as this: every ſtreet and ancient building within its walls ſtill exhibit many ſtrong marks of the ex-

ceſſes committed by the hands of domeſtic as well as foreign barbarians, except only the Temple now called, and ſo called from its form, the *Maiſon Carrée*, which has ſtood near eighteen hundred years, without receiving any other injuries than the injuries of time; and time has given it rather the face of age, than that of ruins, for it ſtill ſtands firm and upright; and though not quite perfect in every part, yet it preſerves all its due proportions, and enough of its original and leſſer beauties, to aſtoniſh and delight every beholder, and that too in a very particular manner. It is ſaid, and I have felt the truth of it in part, that there does not exiſt, at this day, any building, ancient or modern, which conveys ſo ſecret a pleaſure, not only to the *connoiſſeur*, but to the clown alſo, whenever, or how often ſoever they approach it. The proportions and beauties of the whole building are ſo intimately united, that they may be compared to good breeding in men; it is what every body perceives, and is captivated

tivated with, but what few can define. That it has an irreſiſtible beauty which delights men of ſenſe, and which *charms* the eyes of the vulgar, I think muſt be admitted; for no other poſſible reaſon can be aſſigned why this building alone, ſtanding in the very centre of a city, wherein every exceſs which religious fury could inſpire, or barbarious manners could ſuggeſt, has ſtood ſo many ages the only uninſulted monument of antiquity, either within or without the walls; eſpecially, as a very few men might, with very little labour, ſoon tumble it into a heap of rubbiſh.

The *Amphitheâtre* has a thouſand marks of violences committed upon it, by fire, ſledges, battering rams, &c. which its great ſolidity and ſtrength alone reſiſted.

The *Temple of Diana* is ſo nearly deſtroyed, that, in an age or two more, no veſtige of it will remain; but the *Maiſon Carrée* is ſtill ſo perfect and beautiful, that

when *Cardinal Alberoni* firſt ſaw it, he ſaid it wanted only *une boëte d'or pour le defendré des injures de l'air*; and it certainly has received no other, than ſuch as rain, and wind, and heat, and cold, have made upon it; and thoſe are rather marks of dignity, than deformity. What reaſon elſe, then, can be aſſigned for its preſervation to this day; but that the ſavage and the ſaint have been equally awed by its ſuperlative beauty.

Having ſaid thus much of the perfections of this edifice, I muſt however confeſs, it is not, nor ever was, perfect, for it has ſome original blemiſhes, but ſuch as eſcape the obſervation of moſt men, who have not time to examine the parts ſeparately, and with a critical eye. There are, for example, thirty modillions on the cornice, on one ſide, and thirty-two on the other; there are ſixty-two on the weſt ſide, and only fifty-four on the eaſt; with ſome other little faults which its aged beauty juſtifies

juſtifies my omitting; for they are ſuch perhaps as, if removed, would not add any thing to the general proportions of the whole. Nobody objected to the moles on Lady Coventry's face; thoſe ſpecks were too trifling, where the *tout enſemble* was ſo perfect.

Cardinal Richlieu, I am aſſured, had ſeveral conſultations with builders of eminence, and architects of genius, to conſider whether it was practicable to remove all the parts of this edifice, and re-erect it at *Verſailles*: and, I have no doubt, but Lewis the 14th might have raiſed this monument to his fame there, for half the money he expended in murdering and driving out of that province ſixty thouſand of his faithful and ingenious ſubjects, merely on the ſcore of Religion; an act, which is now equally abhorred by Catholics, as well as Proteſtants. But, Lord Cheſterfield juſtly obſerves, that there is no brute ſo fierce, no criminal ſo guilty, as the creature

ture called a Sovereign, whether King, Sultan, or Sophy; who thinks himſelf, either by divine or human right, veſted with abſolute power of deſtroying his fellow-creatures.

Louis the XIth of France cauſed the Duke of *Nemours*, a deſcendant of King *Clovis*, to be executed at Paris, and placed his children under the ſcaffold, that the blood of their father might run upon their heads; in which bloody condition they were returned to the Baſtile, and there ſhut up in iron cages: and a King of SIAM, having loſt his daughter, and fancying ſhe was poiſoned, put moſt of his court, young and old, to death, by the moſt exquiſite torture; by this horrid act of cruelty, near two thouſand of the principal courtiers ſuffered the moſt dreadful deaths; the great Mandarins, their wives, and children, being all ſcorched with fire, and mangled with knives, before they were admitted to his

his laſt favour,—that of being thrown to the elephants.

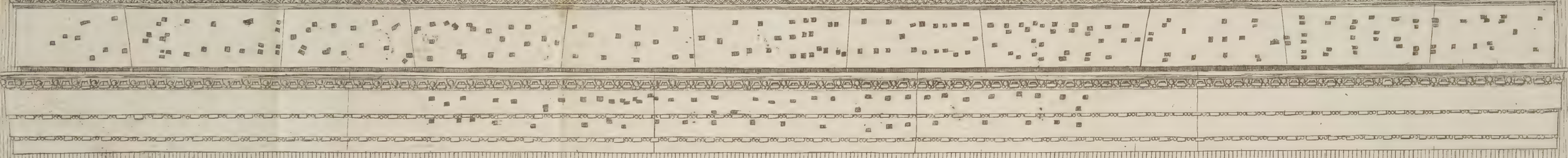
But to have done with ſad ſubjects.—— It was not till the year 1758 that it was certainly known at what time, or for what purpoſe, the *Maiſon Carrée* was erected; but fortunately, the ſame town which produced the building ſo many ages ago, produced in the latter end of the laſt, a Gentleman, of whom it may be juſtly ſaid, he left no ſtone unturned to come at the truth. This is *Monſ. Seguier*, whoſe long life has been employed in collecting a cabinet of Roman antiquities, and natural curioſities, and whoſe penetrating genius alone could have diſcovered, by the means he did, an inſcription, of which not a ſingle letter has been ſeen for many ages; but this *habile obſervateur*, perceiving a great number of irregular holes upon the frontal and frize of this edifice, concluded that they were the cramp-holes which had formerly held an inſcription, and which,

according

according to the practice of the Romans, were often compoſed of ſingle letters of bronze. *Monſ. Seguier* therefore erected ſcaffolding, and took off on paper the diſtances and ſituation of the ſeveral holes, and after nicely examining the diſpoſition of them, and being aſſiſted by a few faint traces of ſome of the letters, which had been impreſſed on the ſtones, brought forth, to the full ſatisfaction of every body, the original inſcription, which was laid before *l'Académie des Inſcriptions & de Belles Lettres de Paris*, of which he is a member, and from whom he received their public thanks; having unanimouſly agreed that there was not a doubt remained but that he had produced the true reading: and as the method and manner *Monſ. Seguier* took to decypher this ancient inſcription, cannot be eaſily explained by words, I herewith ſend you a drawing which he permitted me to take from his original impreſſion, and which will explain the matter clearly at one view, and ſpare me,

at

Figure des Trous qui sont a la Frise et a l'Architrave du Portique de la Maison carrée de Nismes



Inscription decouverte au moyen des mesmes Trous.

CCAESARI·AVGVSTI·F·COS·L·CAESARI·AVGVSTI·F·COSDESIGNATO

PRINCIPIBVS·IVVENTVTIS

1 2 3 4 Toises

at the ſame time, copying the inſcription. But I muſt obſerve, that as the workman who fixed the letters was not quite *au fait* in his buſineſs, he very often made the holes too high, or too low, and by that means rendered *Monſ. Seguier*'s taſk much more difficult; for you will perceive many of the holes were, by that clumſineſs, quite uſeleſs then, and very perplexing to the examiner.

The *Maiſon Carrée* is not, however, quite ſquare, being ſomething more in length than breadth; it is eighty-two feet long, and thirty-ſeven and a half high, excluſive of the ſquare ſocle on which it ſtands, and which is, at this time, ſix feet above the ſurface; it is divided into two parts, one encloſed, the other open; the facade is adorned with ſix fluted pillars of the Corinthian order, and the cornice and front is decorated with all the beauties of architecture. The frize is quite plain, and without any of thoſe bas-reliefs or ornaments

ments which are on the ſides, where the foliage of the olive leaf is exquiſitely finiſhed. On each ſide over the door, which opens into the encloſed part, two large ſtones, like the but-ends of joiſts, project about three feet, and theſe ſtones are pierced through with two large mortices, ſix inches long, and three wide; they are a ſtriking blemiſh, and muſt therefore have been fixed, for ſome very neceſſary purpoſe—for what, I will not riſque my opinion; it is enough to have mentioned them to you. As to the inſide, little need be ſaid; but that, being now conſecrated to the ſervice of GOD, and the uſe of the order of *Auguſtines*, it is filled up with altars, *ex votos*, ſtatues, &c. but ſuch as, we may reaſonably conclude, have not, excluſive of a religious conſideration, all thoſe beauties which were once placed within a Temple, the outward ſtructure of which was ſo highly finiſhed.

Truth

Truth and concern compel me to conclude this account of the *Maiſon Carrée*, in lamenting, that the inhabitants of Niſmes (who are in general a very reſpectable body of people) ſuffer this noble edifice to be defiled by every ſpecies of filth that poverty and neglect can occaſion. The approach to it is through an old ragged kind of barn door; it is ſurrounded with mean houſes, and diſgraced on every ſide with filth, and the *offerings* of the neareſt inhabitants. I know not any part of London but what would be a better ſituation for it, than where it now ſtands: I will not except even Rag-fair, nor Hockly in the Hole.

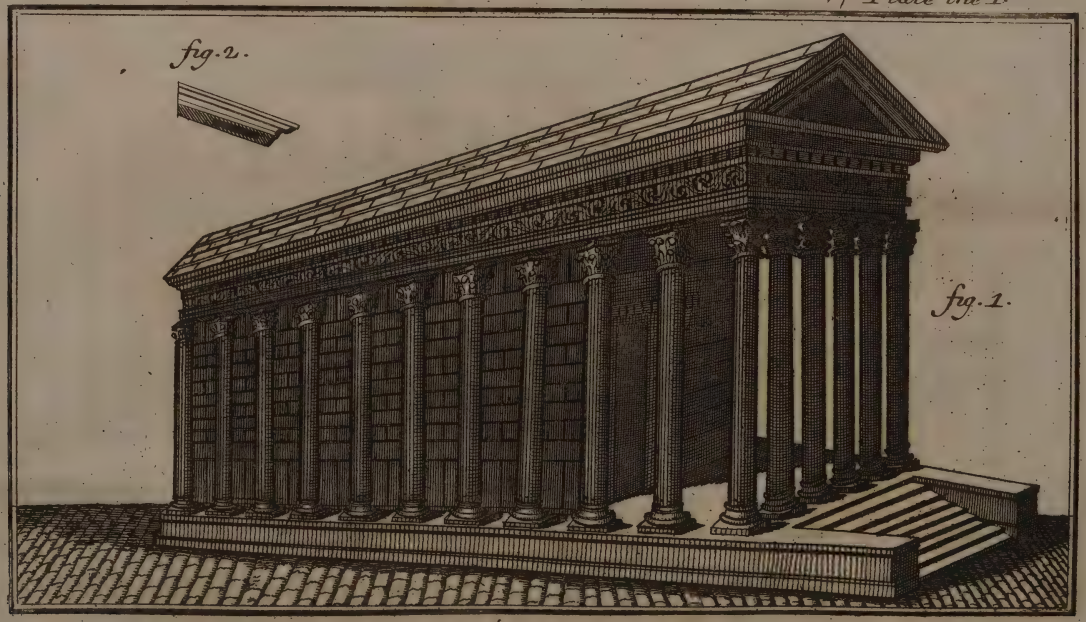
LETTER

LETTER XI.

NISMES.

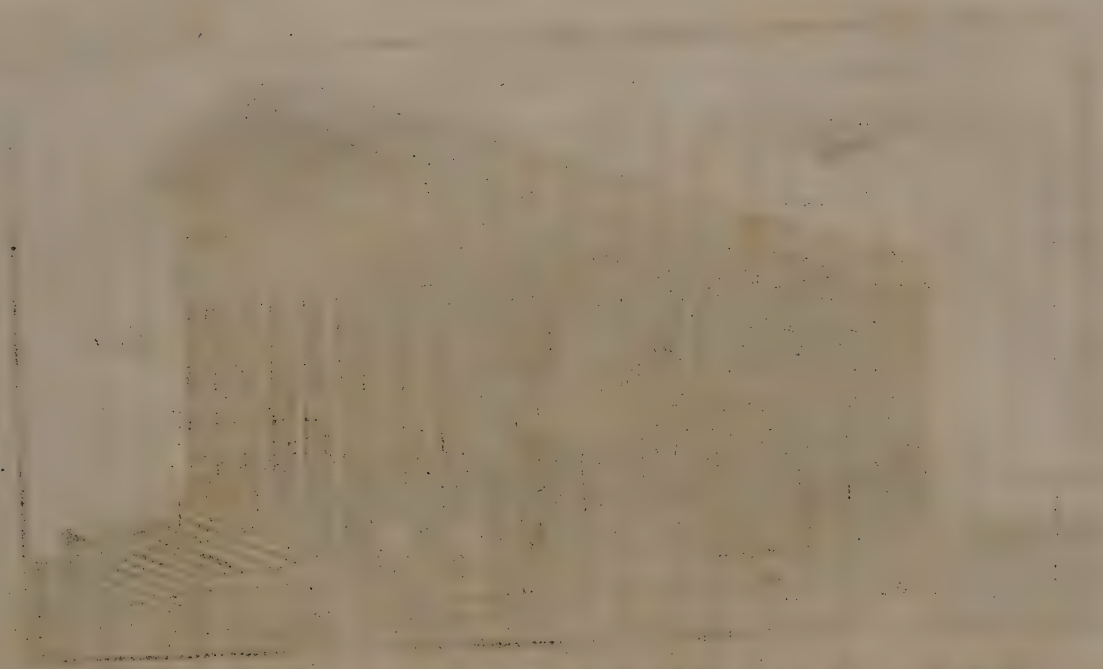
ENCLOSED I ſend you a pretty exact drawing of the ſtate in which that once-ſuperb edifice, the Temple of Diana, now appears; by which you will ſee, with concern, that there remains only enough to give the ſpectator an idea of its former beauty; for though the roof has been broken down, and every part of it ſo wantonly abuſed, yet enough remains, within and without, to bear teſtimony that it was built not only by the greateſt architect, but enriched alſo by the hands of other great artiſts: indeed, the maſon's work alone is, at this day, wonderful; for the ſtones with which it is built, and which are very large, are ſo truly worked, and artfully laid, without either cement or mortar, that many of the joints are ſcarce viſible; nor is it poſſible

Plate the 1.t



THE MAISON CARREE AT NÎMES

P. Thicknesse del. 1776.



ble to put the point of a pen-knife between thoſe which are moſt open. This Temple too is, like the *Maiſon Carrée*, ſhut up by an old barn-door: a man, however, attends to open it; where, upon entering, you will find a ſtriking picture of the folly of all human grandeur; for the area is covered with broken ſtatues, buſts, urns, vaſes, cornices, frizes, inſcriptions, and various fragments of exquiſite workmanſhip, lying in the utmoſt diſorder, one upon another, like the ſtript dead in a field of battle. Here, the ghoſt of Shakeſpeare appeared before my eyes, holding in his hand a label, on which was engraven thoſe words you have ſo often read in his works, and now ſee upon his monument.

I have often wondered, that ſome man of taſte and fortune in England, where ſo much attention is paid to gardening, never converted one ſpot to an *Il Penſeroſo*, and another to *L'Allegro*. If a thing of that kind was to be done, what would not

a man

a man of ſuch a turn give for an *Il Penſeroſo*, as this Temple now is?—where ſweet melancholy ſits, with a look

> "That's faſtened to the ground,
> "A tongue chain'd up, without a ſound."

The modern fountain of *Niſmes*, or rather the Roman fountain recovered, and re-built, falls juſt before this Temple; and the noble and extenſive walks, which ſurround this pure and plentiful ſtream, are indeed very magnificent: what then muſt it have been in the days of the Romans, when the Temple, the fountain, the ſtatues, vaſes, &c. ſtood perfect, and in their proper order? Though this building has been called the Temple of Diana, by a tradition immemorial, yet it may be much doubted, whether it was ſo. The Temples erected, you know, to the daughter of Jupiter, were all of the Ionic order, and this is a mixture of the Corinthian, and Compoſit. Is it not, therefore, more probable, from the number of nitches in it

to

fig. 2.

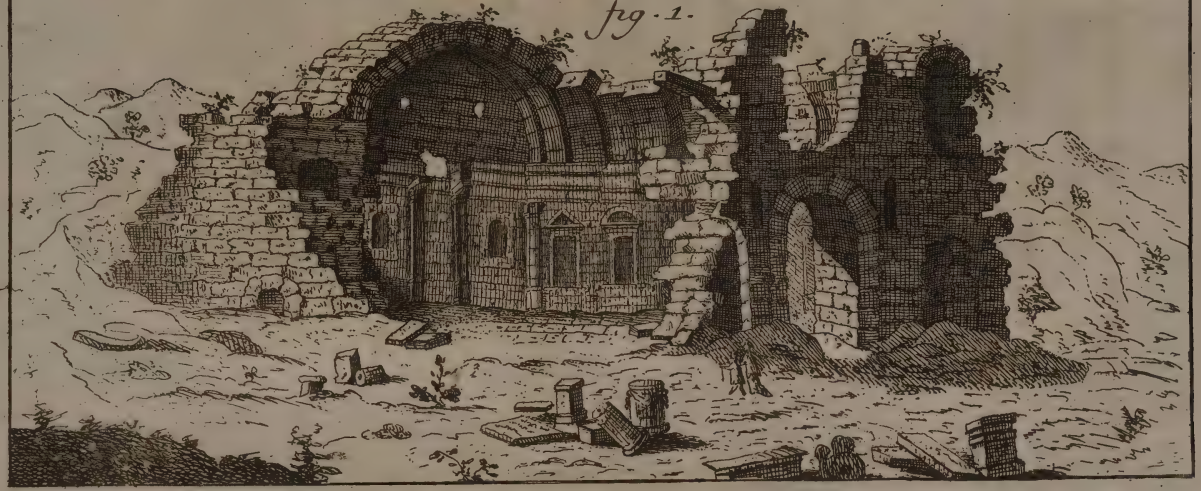
fig. 3.

fig. 4.

fig. 5.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

fig. 1.



to contain ſtatues, that it was, in fact, a Pantheon? Directly oppoſite to the entrance door, are three great tabernacles; on that of the middle ſtood the principal altar; and on the ſide walls were twelve niches, ſix on the right hand are ſtill perfect. The building is eleven *toiſes* five feet long, and ſix *toiſes* wide, and was thrown into its preſent ruinous ſtate during the civil wars of Henry the Third; and yet, in ſpite of the modern ſtatues, and gaudy ornaments, which the inhabitants have beſtrewed to decorate their matchleſs fountain, the Temple of Diana is ſtill the greateſt ornament it has to boaſt of.

LETTER XII.

MONTPELLIER.

NEVER was a traveller more diſappointed than I was upon entering into this renowned city; a city, the name of which my ears have been familiar to, ever ſince I firſt heard of diſeaſe or medicine.—I expected to find it filled with palaces; and to perceive the ſuperiority of the ſoft air it is ſo celebrated for, above all other places; inſtead of which, I was accompanied for many miles before I entered it with thouſands of Moſchéttos, which, in ſpite of all the hoſtilities we committed upon them, made our faces, hands, and legs, as bad in appearance as perſons juſt recovering from a plentiful crop of the ſmall-pox, and infinitely more miſerable. Bad as theſe flies are in the Weſt-Indies, I ſuffered more in a few days from them

them at, and near Montpellier, than I did for ſome years in Jamaica.

However fine and ſalubrious the air of this town might have been formerly, it is far otherwiſe now; and it may be naturally accounted for; the ſea has retired from the coaſt, and has left three leagues of marſhy ground between it and the town, where the hot ſun, and ſtagnated waters, breed not only flies, but diſtempers alſo; beſide this, there is, and ever was, ſomething very peculiar in the air of the town itſelf: it is the only town in France where verdigris is made in any great quantity; and this, I am inclined to think, is not a very favourable circumſtance; where the air is ſo diſpoſed to cankeriſe, and corrode copper, it cannot be ſo pure, as where none can be produced; but here, every cave and wine-cellar is filled with ſheets of copper, from which ſuch quantities of verdigris are daily collected, that it is one of the principal branches of their trade.

The ſtreets are very narrow, and very dirty; and though there are many good houſes, a fine theatre, and a great number of public edifices, beſide churches, it makes altogether but an indifferent figure.

Without the walls of the town, indeed, there ſtands a noble equeſtrian ſtatue of Louis the XIVth, ſurrounded with ſpacious walks, and adorned with a beautiful fountain. Theſe walks command a view of the Mediterranean Sea in front, and the Alps and Pyrenées on the right and left. The water too is conducted to a moſt beautiful *Temple d'Eau*, over a triple range of arches, in the manner of the *Pont du Gard*, from a very conſiderable diſtance. The modern arches over which it runs are, indeed, a great and mighty piece of work; for they are ſo very large, extended ſo far, and are ſo numerous, that I could find no perſon to inform me of their exact number; however, I ſpeak within the bounds of truth, I hope, when I ſay there are many

many hundred; and that it is a work which the Romans might have been proud of, and muſt therefore convey an high idea of the riches and mightineſs of a kingdom, wherein one province alone could bear, and be willing too to bear, ſo great an expence, and raiſe ſo uſeful, as well as beautiful a monument; for beſide the immenſe expence of this triple range of arches, the ſource from whence the water is conveyed is, I think, three leagues diſtant from the town, by which means every quarter of it is plentifully ſupplied with fountains which always run, and which in hot climates are equally pleaſing, refreſhing, and uſeful.

The town abounds with apothecaries' ſhops, and I met a great many phyſical faces; ſo that if the air is not good, I conclude the phyſic is, and therefore laid out two *ſols* for a pennyworth of ointment of *marſhmallows*, which alleviated a little the extreme miſery we all were in, during our ſtay at

this celebrated city. If, however, it ſtill has a reputation for the cure of a *particular diſorder*, perhaps that may ariſe from the impurity of the air,—and that the air which is ſo prone to engender verdigris, may wage war with other ſubtle poiſons; yet, as I found ſome of my countrymen there, who had taken a longer trial of the air, and more of the phyſic, than I had occaſion for, who neither admired one, nor found benefit from the other, I will not recommend *Montpellier* as having any peculiar excellencies within its walls, but good wine, and ſome good actors. It is a dear town, even to the natives, and a very impoſing one to ſtrangers; and therefore I ſhall ſoon leave it, and proceed ſouthward.

Perhaps you will expect me to ſay ſomething of the *Sweets* which this town is ſo famed for: there are indeed ſome ſweet ſhops of that ſort; and they are *bien placè*. At theſe ſhops they have ladies' ſilk pockets, ſachels for their ſhifts, letter caſes, and

and a multitude of things of that kind, quilted and *larded* with ſomething, which does indeed give them a moſt pleaſing and laſting perfume. At theſe ſhops too, beſide excellent lavender water, eſſence of bergamot, &c. they ſell *eau de jaſmin de pourri, de cedre, de giroſle, ſans pareille de mille fleurs de zephir, de oiellet, de ſultan,* and a hundred other ſorts; but the *eſſence of bergamot* is above all, as a ſingle drop is ſufficient to perfume a handkerchief; and ſo it ought to be, for it is very dear.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Cette.

I WAS very impatient till I had drove my horſe from the Britiſh to the Mediterranean coaſt, and looked upon a ſea from *that land* which I had often, with longing eyes, viewed *from the ſea*, in the year 1745, when I was on board the Ruſſel, with Admiral Medley. I have now compleatly croſſed this mighty kingdom and great continent, and it was for that reaſon I viſited *Cette*. This pretty little ſea-port, though it is out of my way to *Barcelona*, yet it proves to be in *the way* for my poor horſe; as I found here a Spaniſh bark, upon which I put part of my baggage. I was obliged to have it, however, opened and examined at the Cuſtom-houſe; and as the officer found in it a baſs viol, two guittars, a fiddle, and ſome other

muſical

muſical inſtruments, he very naturally concluded I was a muſician, and very kindly intimated to me his apprehenſions, that I ſhould meet with but very little *encouragement in Spain:* as I had not any better reaſon to aſſign for going there, but to fiddle, I did not undeceive this good-natured man till the next morning, when I owned, I was not ſufficiently *cunning* in the art of muſic to get my bread by it; and that I had unfortunately been bred to a worſe profeſſion, that of arms; and if I got time enough to *Barcelona* to enter a volunteer in the *Walloon* guards, and go to *Algiers*, perhaps I might get from his Catholic Majeſty, by my ſervices, more than I could acquire from his Britannic—ſomething to live upon in my old age: but I had no better encouragement from this Frenchman as an adventurer in arms, than in muſic; he aſſured me, that Spain was a *vilain pays*, and that France was the only country in the world for a *voyageur*. But as I found that France was the only country

try he had *voyaged* in, and then never above twenty leagues from that ſpot, I thanked him for his advice, and determined to proceed; for though it is fifteen miles from *Montpellier*, we are not got out of the latitude of the *Moſchéttos*.

On the road here, we met an infinite number of carts and horſes, loaded with ripe grapes; the gatherers generally held ſome large bunches (for they were the large red grape) in their hands, to preſent to travellers; and we had ſome from people, who would not even ſtay to receive a trifling acknowledgment for their generoſity and politeneſs.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the proſpects which every way ſurrounded us, when we came within three or four miles of this town; both ſides of the road were covered with thyme and lavender ſhrubs, which perfumed the air; the ſea breeze, and the hot ſun, made both agreeable;

able; and the day was ſo clear and fine, that the ſnow upon the *Alps* made them appear as if they were only ten leagues from us; and I could eaſily have been perſuaded that we were within a few hours drive of the *Pyrenées*; yet the neareſt of them was at leaſt a hundred miles diſtant.

The great Canal of *Languedoc* has a communication with this town, where covered boats, neatly fitted up for paſſengers, are continually paſſing up and down that wonderful and artificial navigation. It is a convenient port to ſhip wine at; but the people have the reputation of playing tricks with it, before and after it is put on board; and this opinion is a great baulk to the trade it is ſo happily ſituated to carry on, and of great benefit to the free port of *Nice*.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

PERPIGNAN.

DEAR SIR,

BEFORE I leave this kingdom, and enter into that of Spain, let me trouble you with a letter on a ſubject which, though no ways intereſting to yourſelf, may be very much ſo *to a young Gentleman of your acquaintance* at Oxford, for whoſe happineſs I, as well as you, am a little anxious. It is to appriſe you, and to warn him, when he travels, to avoid the *gins and man-traps* fixed all over this country; traps, which a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, combined even with father and mother's wit, will not be ſufficient to preſerve him from, unleſs he is firſt ſhewn the manner in which they are ſet. Theſe traps are not made to catch the legs, but

to

to ruin the fortunes and break the hearts of thoſe who unfortunately ſtep into them. Their baits are artful, deſigning, wicked men, and profligate, abandoned, and proſtitute women. Paris abounds with them, as well as Lyons, and all the great towns between London and Rome; and are principally ſet to catch the young Engliſhman of fortune from the age of eighteen to five and twenty; and what is worſe, an honeſt, ſenſible, generous young man, is always in moſt danger of ſetting his foot into them. You ſuſpect already, that theſe traps are made only of paper, and ivory, and that cards and dice are the deſtructive engines I mean. Do you know, that there are a ſet of men and women, in *Paris* and *Lyons*, who live elegantly by lying in wait and by catching every *bird of paſſage?*—but particularly the Engliſh *gold-finch*. I have ſeen and heard of ſuch wicked artifices of theſe people, and the fatal conſequences to the unfortunate young men they have enſnared, that I really think I could never enjoy

joy a ſingle hour of contentment, if I had a large fortune, while a ſon of mine was making what is called the tour of Europe. The minute one of theſe young men arrive, either at *Paris* or *Lyons*, ſome *laquais de place*, who is paid for it, gives the earlieſt notice to one of the confederacy, and he is inſtantly way-laid by a French *Marquis*, or an Engliſh *Chevalier D'Induſtrie*, who, with a moſt inſinuating addreſs, makes him believe, he is no ſooner arrived at *Paris* than he has found a ſincere friend. The *Chevalier* ſhews him what is moſt worthy of notice in *Paris*, attends him to *Verſailles* and *Marly*, cautions him againſt being acquainted with the honeſt part of the French nation, and introduces him to the knaves only of his own and this country; carries him to ſee French Ladies of the *firſt diſtinction*, (and ſuch who certainly *live in that ſtyle*) and makes the young man giddy with joy. But, alas! it is but a ſhort-lived one!—he is invited to ſup with the *Counteſs*; and is entertained not only

volup-

voluptuouſly, but they play after ſupper, and he wins too. What can be more delightful to a young man, in a ſtrange country, than to be flattered by the French, courted by the Engliſh, entertained by *the Counteſs*, and cheered with ſucceſs?—Nay, he flatters himſelf, from the particular *attention* the *Counteſs* ſhews him, above all other men admitted to her toilet, that ſhe has even ſome *tendre* for his perſon:—juſt at this *critical moment*, a *Toy-man arrives*, to ſhew *Madame la Comteſſe* a new-faſhioned trinket; ſhe likes it, but has not money enough in her pocket to pay for it:—here is a fine opportunity to make Madame la Comteſſe a preſent;—and why ſhould not he?—the price is not above four or five guineas more than his laſt night's winnings;—he offers it; and, with *great difficulty* and much perſuaſion, ſhe accepts it; but is quite *aſhamed* to think of the trouble he has given himſelf:——but, ſays ſhe, you Engliſhmen are ſo charming,—ſo generous,—and ſo—ſo—and looks ſo ſweet upon him,

him, that, while her tongue faulters, *egad* he ventures to cover her confuſion by a kiſs;—who, inſtead of giving him the two broad ſides of her cheek, ſhe is ſo *off her guard*, and ſo overcome, as to preſent him, *unawares*, with a pretty handſome daſh of red pomatum from her lovely pouting lips, —and inſiſts upon it that he ſups with her, *tête a tête*, that very evening,—when all his happineſs is compleated. In a few nights after, he is invited to meet the *Counteſs*, and to ſup with *Monſieur le Marquis*, or *Monſieur le Chevalier Anglois*; he is feaſted with high meat, and inflamed with delicious wines;—they play after ſupper, and he is ſtript of all his money, and gives—drafts upon his Banker for all his credit. He viſits the Counteſs the next day; ſhe receives him with a civil coolneſs,—is very ſorry, ſhe ſays,—and wiſhed much laſt night for a favourable opportunity to give him a hint, not to play after he had loſt the firſt thouſand, as ſhe perceived luck run hard againſt him:—ſhe

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is extremely mortified;—but, as a friend, adviſes him to go to *Lyons*, or ſome provincial town, where he may ſtudy the language with more ſucceſs, than in the hurry and noiſe of ſo great a city as *Paris*, and apply for further credit. His *new friends* viſit him no more; and he determines to take the Counteſs's advice, and go on to *Lyons*, as he has heard the South of France is much cheaper, and there he may ſee what he can do, by leaving Paris, and an application to his friends in England. But at *Lyons* too, ſome artful knave, of one nation or the other, accoſts him, who has had notice of his *Paris* misfortunes;—he pities him;—and, rather than ſee a countryman, or a gentleman of faſhion and character in diſtreſs, he would lend him fifty or a hundred pounds. When this is done, every art is uſed to debauch his principles; he is initiated into a gang of genteel ſharpers, and bullied, by the fear of a goal, to connive at, or to become a party in their iniquitous ſociety. His good name gives a ſanction

for a while to their ſuſpected reputations; and, by means of an hundred pounds ſo lent to this honeſt young man, ſome thouſands are won from the *birds of paſſage*, who are continually paſſing through that city to the more ſouthern parts of *France*, or to *Italy*, *Geneva*, or *Turin*.

This is not an imaginary picture; it is a picture I have ſeen, nay, I have ſeen the traps ſet, and the game caught; nor were thoſe who ſet the ſnares quite ſure that they might not put a ſtop to my peregrination, for they *riſqued a ſupper at me*, and let me win a few guineas at the little play which began before they ſat down to table. Indeed, my dear Sir, were I to give you the particulars of ſome of thoſe unhappy young men, who have been ruined in fortune and conſtitution too, at *Paris* and *Lyons*, you would be ſtruck with pity on one ſide, and horror and deteſtation on the other; nor would ever riſque ſuch a *finiſhed part* of your ſon's education. Tell

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my Oxonian friend, from me, when he travels, never to let either Lords or Ladies, even of his own country, nor *Marquiſes*, *Counts*, or *Chevaliers*, of this, ever draw him into play; but to remember that ſhrewd hint of Lord Cheſterfield's to his ſon;—"When you play with men, (ſays his Lordſhip) know with *whom* you play; when with women, for *what* you play."—But let me add, that the only SAFE WAY, is never to play at all.

At one of theſe towns I found a man, whoſe family I reſpected, and for whom I had a perſonal regard; he loaded me with civilities, nay, made me preſents, before I had the moſt diſtant ſuſpicions *how* he became in a ſituation to enable him ſo to do. He made every profeſſion of love and regard to me; and I verily believed him ſincere, becauſe I knew he had been obliged by a part of my family;—but when I found a coach, a country-houſe, a good table, a wife, and ſervants, were all ſupported by

the *chance* of a gaming-table, I withdrew myſelf from all connections with him; for I fear, he who lives to play, may *play* to *live*.

Upon the whole, I think it is next to an impoſſibility for a young man of fortune to paſs a year or two in *Paris*, the ſouthern parts of France, Italy, &c. without running a great riſque of being beggared by ſharpers, or ſeduced by artful women; unleſs he has with him a tutor, who is made wiſe by years, and a frequent acquaintance with the cuſtoms and manners of the country: an honeſt, learned Clergyman tutor, is of leſs uſe to a young man in that ſituation, than a truſty *Valet de Chambre*. A travelling tutor muſt know men; and, what is more difficult to know, he muſt know women alſo, before he is qualified to guard againſt the innumerable ſnares that are always making to entangle ſtrangers of fortune.

It is certainly true, that the nearer we approach to the ſun, the more we become familiar with vices of every kind. In the *South of France*, and *Italy*, ſins of the blackeſt dye, and many of the moſt unnatural kind, are not only committed with impunity, but boaſted of with audacity; and, as one proof of the corruption of the people, of a thouſand I could give you, I muſt tell you, that ſeeing at *Lyons* a ſhop in which a great variety of pictures were hung for ſale, I walked in, and after examining them, and aſking a few queſtions, but none that had the leaſt tendency to want of decorum, the maſter of the ſhop turned to his wife, (a very pretty woman, and dreſſed even to a *plumed* head)—ſhew *Monſieur* the little miniature, ſaid he; ſhe then opened a drawer and took out a book, (I think it was her maſs-book) and brought me a picture, ſo indecent, that I defy the moſt debauched imagination to conceive any thing more ſo; yet ſhe gave it me with

a ſeeming decent face, and only obſerved, that it was *bien fait*. After examining it with more attention than I ſhould, had I received it from the hands of her huſband, I returned it to her prayer-book, made my bow, and was retiring; but the huſband called to me, and ſaid, he had a magazine hard by, where there was a very large collection of pictures of great value, and that his wife ſhould attend me. My curioſity was heightened in more reſpects than *one:* I therefore accepted the offer, and was conducted up two pair of ſtairs in a houſe not far off, where I found a long ſuite of rooms, in which were a large number of pictures, and ſome, I believe, of great value. But I was a little ſurpriſed on entering into the furthermoſt apartment, as that had in it an elegant *chintz* bed, the curtains of which were feſtooned, and the foliages held up by the paintings of two naked women, as large as life, and as indecent as nakedneſs could be painted; they were painted, and well painted too, on boards,

boards, and cut out in human ſhape, that at firſt I did not know whether I ſaw the ſhadow or the ſubſtance; however, as this room was covered with pictures, I began to examine them alſo, with the fair attendant at my elbow; but in the whole collection I do not remember there was one picture which would not have brought a bluſh in the face of an Engliſh Lady, even of the moſt eaſy virtue. Yet, all this while, when I aſked the price of the ſeveral parts and pieces, ſhe anſwered me with a gravity of countenance, as if ſhe attended me to ſell her goods like other ſhop-keepers, and in the way of buſineſs; however, before I left the room, I could not, I thought, do leſs than aſk her—her own price. She told me, ſhe was worth nothing; and immediately invited me to take a peep through a convex glaſs at a picture which was laid under, on the table, for that purpoſe:—it was a picture of ſo wicked a tendency, that the painter ought to have been put upon a pillory, and the exhibiter in the ſtocks. The Lady

obſerved

obſerved to me again, that it was well painted; but, on the contrary, the only merit it had, was, being quite otherwiſe. I therefore told her, that the ſubject and idea only was good; the execution bad.

Juſt at this time, ſeveral French Gentlemen came in to look at the pictures, and my ſurpriſe became infinitely greater than ever; they talked with her about the ſeveral pieces, without betraying the leaſt degree of ſurprize at the ſubjects, or the woman who ſhewed them; nor did they ſeem to think it was a matter of any to me; and I verily believe the woman was ſo totally a ſtranger to ſentiment or decency, that ſhe conſidered herſelf employed in the ordinary way of ſhop-keepers, that of ſhewing and ſelling her goods, as her ſhop was almoſt oppoſite to the General Poſt-office, where I went every day for my letters. I frequently ſaw women of faſhion at this ſhop; whether they viſited the magazine, or not, I cannot ſay, but I think there is no doubt

but

but they might borrow the *maſs-book* I mentioned above.

I ſhall leave you to make your own comments upon this ſubject; and then I am ſure you will tremble for the fatal conſequences which your ſon, or any young man, may, nay muſt be led into, in a country where Vice is painted with all her bewitching colours, in the fore-ground of the picture; and where Virtue, if there is any, is thrown ſo far behind in the back ſhade, that it is ten to one but it eſcapes the notice of a youthful examiner.

I cannot help adding another inſtance of the profligacy of this town. Lord P—— being invited by a French Gentleman to ſpend a day at his *Chateau*, in this country, took occaſion to tell his Lordſhip, that in order to render the day as agreeable as poſſible to his company, he had provided ſome young people of *both ſexes* to attend, and deſired to know his Lordſhip's *goût*.

The

The young Nobleman concealed his ſurpriſe, and told his *generous* hoſt, that he was not faſhionable enough to walk out of the paths of nature. The ſame queſtion was then put to the other company, in the order of their rank; and the laſt, an *humble Frenchman*, replied, it was to him *egal l'un, et l'autre*, juſt as it proved moſt convenient. This is not a traveller's ſtory; it is a fact; and I dare ſay the Nobleman, who was of the party, will give it the ſanction of his name, though I cannot with any degree of propriety.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

JONQUIRE.

I HAVE now croſſed the *Pyrenées*, and write this from the firſt village in Spain. Theſe mountains are of ſuch an enormous height, as well as extent, that they ſeem as if they were formed even by nature to divide nations. Nor is there any other paſs by land into this kingdom but over them; for they extend upwards of thirty leagues from the *Mediterranean* Sea, near *Perpignan* in *Rouſſillon*, to the city of *Pompelina* in *Navarre*; I ſhould have ſaid, extend *into* the *Mediterranean* Sea, for there the extremity projects its lofty head, like a noble fortreſs of nature, into the ocean, far beyond the low lands on either ſide. Indeed the extenſive plains on both ſide theſe lofty mountains (ſo unuſual in the ſouthern parts of Europe) would almoſt make

make one ſuſpect, that nature herſelf had been exhauſted in raiſing ſuch an immenſe pile, which, as if it were the back-bone of an huge animal, was made to hold, and bind together, all the parts of the weſtern world. There are, I think, nine paſſes over theſe hills into *Spain*, two or three of which are very commodious, and wonderfully *pictureſque:* others are dreadful, and often dangerous; the two beſt are at the extremities; that which I have juſt paſſed, and the other near *Bayonne;* the former is not only very ſafe, except juſt after very heavy and long-continued rains, but in the higheſt degree pleaſing, aſtoniſhing, and wonderfully romantic, as well as beautiful.

At *Boulon*, the laſt village in France, twelve long leagues from *Perpignan*, and ſeemingly under the foot of the *Pyrenées*, we croſſed a river, for the firſt time, which muſt be forded three or four times more, before you begin to aſcend the hills; but if the river can be ſafely croſſed at *Boulon*, there

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can be no difficulty afterwards, as there alone the ſtream is moſt rapid, and the channel deepeſt. At this town there are always a ſet of fellows ready to offer their ſervice, who ford the river, and ſupport the carriage; nor is it an eaſy matter to prevent them, when no ſuch aſſiſtance is neceſſary; and I was obliged to handle my piſtols, to make them *unhandle* my wheels; as it is more than probable they would have overſet us in ſhallow water, to gain an opportunity of ſhewing their *politeneſs* in picking us up again. The ſtream, indeed, was very rapid; and I was rather provoked by the rudeneſs of the people, to paſs through it without aſſiſtance, than convinced there needed none.

Having croſſed the river four or five times more, and paſſed between rocks, and broken land, through a very uncultivated and romantic vale, we began to aſcend the *Pyrenées*, upon a noble road, indeed! hewn upon the ſides of thoſe adamantine

mantine hills, of a conſiderable width, and an eaſy aſcent, quite up to the high *Fortreſs of Bellegarde*, which ſtands upon the pinacle of the higheſt hill, and which commands this renowned paſs.

You will eaſier conceive than I can deſcribe the many rude and various ſcenes which mountains ſo high, ſo rocky, ſo ſteep, ſo divided, and, I may add too, ſo fertile, exhibit to the traveller's eyes. The conſtant water-falls from the melted ſnow above, the gullies and breaches made by water-torrents during great rains, the rivulets in the vales below, the verdure on their banks, the herds of goats, the humble, but pictureſque habitations of the goat-herds, the hot ſun ſhining upon the *ſnow-capt* hills above, and the ſteep precipices below, all crowd together ſo ſtrongly upon the imagination, that they intoxicate the paſſenger with delight.

The

The French nation in no inſtance ſhew their greatneſs more than in the durable and noble manner they build and make their high-roads; here, the expence was not only cutting the hard mountain, and raiſing a fine road on their ſides, but building arches of an immenſe height from mountain to mountain, and over breaks and water-falls, with great ſolidity, and excellent workmanſhip.

The invalide guard at this fortreſs take upon themſelves, very improperly, and I am ſure very unwarrantably, to examine ſtrangers who paſs, with an impertinent curioſity; for they muſt admit all who come with a proper *paſſa-pórte* into *Spain*, and durſt not admit any without it. On my arrival at the Guard-houſe, they ſeized my horſe's head, and called for my *paſſa-pórte*, in terms very unlike the uſual politeneſs of French guards; and while my paſs was carried into a little office, hard by,

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to be regiſtered, thoſe who remained on the ſide of my chaiſe took occaſion to aſk me of what country I was: I deſired to refer them to my *paſſa-pórte*, (where I knew no information of that kind was given,) as it was a queſtion I could not very well anſwer; but upon being further urged, I at length told them, I was an *Hottentot*.—"*Otentot*—*Otentot*—pray what king "governs that country?" ſaid one of them. No king governs the *Hottentots*, replied I. "What, then, is your country without a "king?" ſaid another, with aſtoniſhment! No; not abſolutely ſo, neither; for the *Hottentots* have a king; but he always keeps a number of ambitious and crafty men about his Court, who govern him; and thoſe men, who are generally knaves, feed the people with guts, and entrails of beaſts, give the king now and then a little bit of the main body, and divide the reſt among themſelves, their friends, their favourites, and ſycophants. But I ſoon found, theſe were queſtions leading to a more important

tant one; and that was, what *countryman* my horſe was;—for, ſuſpecting him to be an *Engliſhman*, they would perhaps, if I had been weak enough to have owned it, have made me pay a conſiderable duty for his admiſſion into *Spain*; though I believe it cannot legally be done, or levied upon any horſe, French or Engliſh, (to uſe an act of parliament phraſe) but ſuch "as are "not actually in harneſs, nor drawing in "a carriage."

The Spaniards too have done their duty, as to the deſcent of the *Pyrenées* from *Bellegarde*, but no further; from thence to this village, is about the ſame diſtance that *Boulon* is from the foot of the mountains on the other ſide; but though this road is quite deſtitute of art, it is adorned highly by nature.

But, before I left *Bellegarde*, I ſhould have told you, that near that Fortreſs the arms of France and Spain, cut on ſtone pil-

 lars,

lars, are placed *vis-à-vis* on each ſide of the road; a ſpot where ſometimes an affair of *honour* is decided by two men, who engage in perſonal combat, each ſtanding in a different kingdom; and where, if one falls, the other need not run; for, by the Family Compact, it is agreed, not to give up deſerters or murderers.

The road is not leſs romantic on the Spaniſh, than on the French ſide of the Pyrenées; the face of the country is more beautiful, and the faces of all things, animate and inanimate, are quite different; and one would be apt to think, that inſtead of having paſſed a few hills, one had paſſed over a large ocean: the hogs, for inſtance, which are all white on the French ſide, are all black on this.

We arrived here upon a Sunday, when the inhabitants had on their beſt apparel: but inſtead of high head-dreſſes, falſe curls, plumes of feathers, and a quantity of

of powder; the women had their black hair combed tight from their foreheads and temples, and tied behind, in either red, blue, or black nets, ſomething like the caul of a peruke, from which hang large taſſels down to the middle of their back; the men's hair was done up in nets in the ſame manner, but not ſo gaudy.

Before we arrived here, I overtook a girl with a load of freſh hay upon her head, whom *(at the requeſt of my horſe)* I entreated to ſpare me a little; but, till ſhe had called back her brother, who had another load of the ſame kind, would not treat with me; they ſoon agreed, however, that my requeſt was reaſonable; and ſo was their demand; and there, under the ſhade of a noble grove of large cork-trees, we and our horſe eat a moſt luxurious meal: appetite was the ſauce; and the wild ſcenes, and ſtupendous rocks, which every way ſurrounded our *ſalle à manger*, were our deſert.

And that you may not be alarmed about this mighty matter, (as it is by many thought) of paſſing from *France* to *Spain*, by the way of *Perpignan*, it may not be amiſs to ſay, that I left the laſt town about ſeven o'clock in the morning, in a heavy French *cabriolet*, drawn by one ſtrong Engliſh horſe, charged with four perſons, and much baggage; yet we arrived here about three o'clock the ſame day; where, at our ſupper, we had a ſpecimen of Spaniſh cookery, as well as Spaniſh beds, bills, and cuſtom-houſe officers: to the latter, a ſmall donative is better beſtowed, than the trouble of unpacking all your baggage, and much better reliſhed by them: as to the hoſt, he was neither rude, nor over civil; the cookery more ſavoury than clean; the window frames without glaſs, the rooms without chimneys, and the beds (mattraſſes) without curtains. The demand for ſuch entertainment is rather dearer than in France.

Before

Before I left *Perpignan*, I found it neceſſary to exchange ſome French gold for Spaniſh, and to be well informed with the different value between the money of the two kingdoms. There were many people willing to change my money; though but few, indeed, who would give the full value. Formerly, you know, the *Pyrenées* were charged with gold, from whence the Phœnicians fetched great quantities every year. In the time of the Romans, much of the *Pyrenean* gold was ſent to Rome; and a King of Portugal, ſo lately as the year 1512, had a crown and ſceptre made of the gold waſhed from thoſe hills into the *Tagus*; their treaſures were known, you may remember, even to Ovid.

" Quod ſuo Tagus amne vehit fluit
" Ignibus aurum."

But as I did not expect to find a gold mine on my paſſage into Spain, I thought it beſt to carry a little with me, and leave

 nothing

nothing to chance; and I ſhould have been content to have found, by the help of my gun, the bird vulgarly called the *Gelinotte des Pyrenées*; it has a curved bill like a hawk, and two long feathers in the tail; but though I ſaw a great number of different birds, I was not fortunate enough to find the *Ganga*, for that is the true name of a bird, ſo beautiful in feather, and of ſo delicate a flavour, that it is even mentioned by Ariſtotle, and is a native of theſe hills.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that the day we left *Cette* we ſtopped, according to cuſtom, to eat our cold dinner, in an olive grove; from whence we had a noble view of the Mediterranean Sea, and a moſt delightfully ſituated *Chateau*, ſtanding upon the banks of a ſalt-water lake, at leaſt twenty miles in circumference, "clear as the expanſe of heaven;" and that while we were preparing to ſpread our napkin, a gentleman of genteel appearance came out from a neighbouring vineyard, and aſked

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us if any accident had happened, and desired, if we wanted any thing, that we would command him, or whatever his houſe afforded, pointing to the *Chateau*, which had ſo attracted our notice: we told him, our buſineſs was to eat our little repàs, with his leave, under, what we preſumed, was his ſhade alſo, and invited him to partake with us. He had already captivated us by his polite attention, and by his agreeable converſation: we lamented that we had not better pretenſions to have viſited his lovely habitation. We found he was well acquainted with many Engliſh perſons of faſhion, who have occaſionally reſided at Montpellier; and I am ſure, his being a winter inhabitant of that city, muſt be one of the moſt favourable circumſtances the town affords. Theſe little attentions to ſtrangers, are never omitted by the well-bred part of the French nation. I could not reſiſt aſking the name of a gentleman, to whom I felt myſelf ſo much obliged, nor avoid telling him my

own,

own, and what had paſſed at the town of *Cette*, relative to the muſical inſtruments, as one of the largeſt was ſtill with us.—He ſeemed aſtoniſhed, that I preferred the long and dangerous journey by land, as he thought it, to *Barcelona*, when I might, he ſaid, have run down to it over a ſmooth ſea, in the ſame bark I had put my baggage on board.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

GIRONE.

FROM *Jonquere* to *Figuere* (about four hours journey, ſo they reckon in Spain) the road is intolerable, and the country beautiful; over which the traveller may, as nature has done, repoſe himſelf upon a flowery bed, indeed; for nature ſurely could not do more for the pleaſure and profit of man, than ſhe has done from *Jonquere* to *Girone*. The town of *Figuere* is, properly ſpeaking, the firſt town in Spain; for *Jonquere* is rather a hamlet; but *Figuere* has a decent, comfortable appearance, abounds with merchants and tradeſmen, and at a little diſtance from it ſtands the ſtrongeſt citadel in Spain: indeed it is the frontier town of the kingdom. The quietneſs of the people, and ſeeming tranquility of all ranks and orders of

of men in Spain, is very remarkable to a perſon who has juſt left a kingdom in every reſpect ſo different. Strangers as we were, and as we muſt be known to be, we paſſed unnoticed; and when we ſtopped near a cottage to eat our hedge dinner, neither man, woman, or child came near us, till I aſked for water, and then they brought with it, unaſked, dried grapes, and cheſnuts, but inſtantly retired. I was charmed with the Arcadian inhabitants, and viſited the inſide of their cabin; but its ſituation upon a little *tump*, on the bank of a brook, ſhaded by ever-green oaks, and large ſpreading fig-trees, was all it had to boaſt of; it had nothing within but ſtraw beds, Indian corn, dried grapes, figs, &c.

From *Figuere* to *Girone*, which is a good day's journey, the country is encloſed, and the hedge rows, corn fields, &c. had in many places the appearance of the fineſt parts of England, only warmed by a hotter ſun, and adorned with woods and trees of

of other ſpecies; inſtead of the hawthorn, I found the orange and the pomegranate, the myrtle and the cypreſs: in ſhort, all nature ſeemed to rejoice here, but man alone.

From many parts of this road we had a view of the *Mediterranean* Sea, and the Golfe *de Royas*, a fine bay, over which the heads of the *Pyrenées* hang; and on the banks of which there ſeemed to be, not only villages, but large towns; the ſituations of which appeared ſo enchanting, that I could hardly reſiſt the temptation of viſiting them;—and now wonder why I did not; but at that time, I ſuppoſe, I did not recollect I had nothing elſe to do.

We entered this town rather too late, and was followed to our inn by an armed ſoldier, who demanded, in harſh terms, my attendance upon the Governor: I enquired whether it was cuſtomary for a Gentleman, juſt off a journey, to be ſo called upon, and was aſſured it was not; that my

paſſa-

paſſa-porte was ſufficient. I therefore gave that to my conductor, and deſired him to take it, and return it, which he did, in about half an hour; but required to be paid for his trouble—a requeſt I declined underſtanding.

This is a fortified city, well built, but every houſe has the appearance of a convent. I went into the market, where fruit, fleſh, and vegetables, were to be ſold in abundance; but inſtead of that noiſe which French and Engliſh markets abound with, a general ſilence and gravity reigned throughout; which can hardly be thought poſſible, where ſo many buyers and ſellers were collected together. I bought a baſket of figs, but the vender of them ſpoke to me as ſoftly as if we had been engaged in a conſpiracy, but ſhe did not attempt to impoſe; I dare ſay, ſhe aſked me no more than ſhe would have demanded of a Spaniard. The manners of people are certainly infectious; my ſpirits ſunk in this town;

town; and I wanted nothing but the language, and a long cloak, to make me a compleat Spaniard. Our inn was the Golden Fountain; and, conſidering it was in Spain, not a bad one. If the town, however, was gloomy, the country round about it exhibited all the beauties nature can boaſt of.

In climates, ſays ſome writer, where the earth ſeems to be the pride and maſterpiece of nature, rags, and dirt, ghaſtly countenances, and miſery under every form, are oftener met with, than in thoſe countries leſs favoured by nature; and the forlorn and wretched condition of the people in general ſeemed to belie and diſgrace their native ſoil. Certain it is, that the natives of the ſouthern parts of Europe have neither the beauty, ſtrength, nor comelineſs of men born in more northern climates. I have ſeen, in the South of France, in Spain, and Portugal, the aged eſpecially of both ſexes, who hardly appeared human!

human! nor do you ſee, in general, even among the youthful, much more beauty than that which youth alone muſt give; for youth itſelf is beauty. Whoever compares the natives of Switzerland, England, Ireland, and Scotland, with thoſe of Spain, Portugal, or other Southern climates, will find, that men born among cold, bleak mountains, are infinitely ſuperior to thoſe of the fineſt climates under the ſun. Perhaps, however, this difference may ariſe more from the want of Liberty than the power of climate. Oh Liberty! ſweet Liberty! without thee life cannot be enjoyed! Thou parent of comfort, whoſe children bleſs thee, though they dwell among the barren rocks, or the moſt ſurly regions of the earth! Thou bleſſeth, in ſpite of nature; and in ſpite of nature, tyranny brings curſes.

LETTER XVII.

MARTORY.

AFTER we left *Girone*, we paſſed thro' a fine country, but not equal to that which is between *Jonquire* and that town; we lay the firſt night at a *veritable* Spaniſh *poſada*; it was a ſingle houſe, called the *Grenade*. We arrived there early in the afternoon; and though the inſide of the houſe was but ſo-ſo, every thing without was charming, and our hoſt and his two daughters gave us the beſt they had, treated us with civility enough, and gave us good advice in the proſecution of our journey to Barcelona; for about four leagues from this houſe, we found two roads to that city, one on the ſide of the Mediterranean Sea, the other inland. He adviſed us to take the former, which exactly tallied with my inclination; for wherever the

the ſea-coaſt affords a road in hot climates, that muſt be the pleaſanteſt; and I was very impatient till we got here.

After we had left the high inland road, we had about three leagues to the ſea ſide, and the village on its margin where we were to lie; this road was through a very wild, uncultivated country, over-run with underwood and tall firs. We ſaw but few houſes, and met with fewer people. When we came near the ſea, the country, however, improved upon us; and the farms, churches, convents, and beacons, upon the high lands, rendered the proſpects every way pleaſing. We croſſed a ſhallow river ſeveral times, adorned on both ſides with an infinite quantity of tall beeches, on one of which trees (boy like) I cut my name, too high for *other boys*, without a ladder, to cut me *out* again. At length we arrived at the village, and at a *poſada*, than which nothing could be more dreadful, after the day-light was gone; for beſide the rudeſt miſtreſs,

miſtreſs, and the dirtieſt ſervants that can be conceived, there lay a poor Frenchman dying in the next room to us; nay, I may almoſt ſay, in the ſame room with us, for it could hardly be called a door which parted us. This poor man, who had not a ſhilling in his pocket, had lain twenty days ill in that houſe; but was attended by the prieſts of the town with as much aſſiduity as if he had been a man of faſhion: he had been often exhorted by them, it ſeems, to confeſs, but had refuſed. The night we came, he feared would be his laſt, and he determined to make his confeſſion; I was in the room when he ſignified his deſire ſo to do; and all the people were diſmiſſed by the pariſh prieſt. I returned to my room, and could now and then hear what the prieſt ſaid; but the ſick man's voice was too low: his crimes however, I fear, were of an high nature, for we heard the prieſt ſay, with a voice of impatience and ſeeming horror, *Adonde—adonde—adonde?*—Where—where—where?

You may imagine, a ſad ſupper, lighted by ſtinking oil, burning in an iron lamp hung againſt the ſide of a wall, (for there were no candles to be had) and while the ſick man was receiving the laſt ſacrament, would have been little reliſhed had it been good; that our dirty ſtraw beds were no very comfortable retreat; and that day-light the next morning was what we moſt wanted and wiſhed for. Indeed, I never ſpent a more miſerable night; but it was amply made up to us by this day's journey to *Martory*, for we coaſted it along the ſea, which ſometimes waſhed the wheels of my chaiſe. At others, we croſſed over high head-lands, which afforded ſuch extenſive views over both elements, as abundantly overpaid us for the ſufferings of the preceding evening. The roads, indeed, over theſe head-lands were bad enough, in ſome places dangerous; but between walking and riding, with a ſteady horſe, we got on very well.

On

On this coaſt, we found a village at every league, inhabited by rich fiſhermen, and wealthy ſhip-builders, and found all theſe artificers buſy enough in their profeſſions; in ſome places, there were an hundred men dragging in, by bodily ſtrength, the *Saine*; at others, ſtill more ſurpriſing, ſhips of two hundred tons were building on the dry land, where no tide riſes to launch them! Theſe villages are built cloſe to the ſea; nothing intervenes between their houſes and the ocean but their little gardens, in which, under the ſhade of their orange, lemon, and vine trees, which were loaded with fruit, ſat the wives and daughters of the fiſhermen, making black ſilk lace. Though I call them villages, and though they are in reality ſo, yet the houſes were ſuch, in general, as would make a good figure even in a fine city; for they were all well built, and many adorned on the outſide with no contemptible paintings.

The town, indeed, from which I write, is ſituated in the ſame manner, but is a little city, and affords a *poſada*, (I ſpeak by compariſon, remember) comfortable enough; and the ſea a fiſh, they call the red fiſh, than which nothing can be more delicious; I may venture almoſt to call it the ſea woodcock, for it is eaten altogether in the ſame manner. We fared better than my poor horſe, for not a grain of oats or barley did this city afford; nor has he taſted, or have I ſeen, a morſel of hay ſince I parted from my little *Dona*, near the foot of the *Pyrenées*. To-morrow we have ſeven hours to *Barcelona*; I can ſee the high cape under which it ſtands, and from under which, you ſhall ſoon hear again from me.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

BARCELONA.

UPON our arrival at this town, we were obliged to wait at the outward gate above half an hour, no perſon being admitted to enter from twelve till one, tho' all the world may go out; that hour being allotted for the guards, &c. to eat their dinner. As I had no letter to any perſon in this city, but to the French Conſul, I had previouſly wrote to a Mr. Ford, a merchant at Barcelona, with whom I had formerly travelled from London to Bath, to beg the favour of him to provide lodgings for me; I therefore enquired for Mr. Ford's houſe, and found myſelf conducted to that of a Mr. Curtoys: Mr. Ford, unfortunately for me, was dead; but the ſame houſe and buſineſs is carried on by Meſſrs. Adams and Curtoys, who had re-

ceived and opened my letter. After this family had a little *reconnoitred* mine, Mr. Curtoys came down, and with much civility, and an hoſpitable countenance, told me his dinner was upon the table, and in very preſſing terms deſired that we would partake of it. We found here a large family, conſiſting of his wife, a motherly good-looking woman; Mrs. Adams, her daughter by a former huſband, a jolly dame; and ſeveral children. Mrs. Adams ſpoke fluently the Catalan, French, Engliſh, and Spaniſh tongues; all which were neceſſary at a table where there were people who underſtood but one only of each language. Mr. Curtoys preſſed us to dine with him a few days after, a favour which I, only, accepted; when he told me, he was nominated, but not abſolutely fixed in his Conſulſhip of this city; that he had obtained it by the favour of Lord Rochford, who had ſpent ſome days at his houſe, on his way to Madrid, when his Lordſhip was Ambaſſador to this Court; and

and before I went from him, he desired I and my family would dine with him at his country-house the next day: instead of which, I waited upon him in the morning, and told him, that I had formerly received civilities from his friend, Lord Rochford, and believed him once to have been mine; but that, unfortunately, I found now it was much otherwise; and observed, that perhaps his politeness to me might injure him with his Lordship; and that I thought it right to say so much, that he might be guided by his own judgment, and not follow the bent of his inclination, if he thought it might be prejudicial to his interest; and by the way of a little return for the hospitable manner in which he had received and entertained me, and my family, I took out an hundred and twenty-five pound in Bank notes, and desired him to send them to England; adding, that I had about thirty pounds in my pocket, which I hoped would be sufficient for my expences, till he had an account of

their

their ſafe arrival. But inſtead of his wonted chearful countenance, I was *contunded* with an affected air of the man of buſineſs; my bank notes were ſhined againſt the window, turned and twiſted about, as if the utmoſt uſe they could be of were to light the Conſul's pipe after ſupper. I aſked him whether he had any doubts of their authenticity; and ſhewed him a letter to confirm my being the perſon I ſaid I was, written to me but a ſhort time before, from his friend Lord Rochford, from whom he too had juſt received a letter: he then obſerved, that a burnt child dreads the fire; that their Houſe had ſuffered; that a Jew had lately paſſed thro' France, who had put off a great number of falſe Bank notes, and that I might indiſcreetly have taken ſome of them; but aſſuring him that I had received all mine from the hands of Meſſrs. Hoare, and that I would not call upon him for the money till he had received advice of their being good, I took my leave, and left my notes.

But

But as there was a poſſibility, nay, a probability, that Mr. Curtoys might not have very early advice from England, or might not give it to me if he had, for all his hoſpitality of countenance and civility was departed, I thought it was neceſſary to ſecure a retreat; for I ſhould have informed you, that I found at his table a Mr. Wombwell, whoſe uncle I had lived in great intimacy with many years before at Gibraltar, and who left this man (now a Spaniſh merchant) all his fortune. Indeed, I ſhould have ſaid, that Mr. Wombwell had viſited me, and even had aſked me to dine with him; and as he appeared infinitely ſuperior both in underſtanding, addreſs, and knowledge of the world than good Mr. Curtoys, I went to him, with that confidence which a good note, and a good cauſe, gives to every man. I told him the Conſul's fears, and my own, leſt I might want money before Mr. Curtoys was ready to ſupply me; in which caſe,

and

and which only, I aſked Mr. Wombwell if he would change me a twenty pound Bank note, and ſhewed him one which I then took out of my pocket; but Mr. Wombwell too examined my notes, with all the attention of a cautious tradeſman, and put on all that imperiouſneſs which riches, and the haughty Spaniſh manners to an humble ſuitor, could ſuggeſt. I tell you, my dear Sir, what paſſed between us, more out of pity than reſentment towards him; he ſaid, I will recollect it as nearly as I can, "that if you are Mr. Thickneſſe, "you muſt have lived a great deal in the "world; it is therefore unfortunate, you "are not acquainted with Sir Thomas "Gaſcoyne, a gentleman of faſhion, well "known in England, and now in the ſame "auberge with you." I confeſſed that I had ſeen, and converſed with Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne there, and that it was very true, he was to me, and I to him, utter ſtrangers; but I obſerved, that Sir Thomas had been ten years upon his travels, and that I had

I had lived fourteen years in retirement before he ſet out, and therefore that was but a weak circumſtance of my being an impoſtor; I obſerved too, that impoſtors travelled ſingly, not with a wife and children; and that though I by no means wiſhed to force his money out of his pocket, I coveted much to remove all ſuſpicions of my being an adventurer, for many obvious reaſons. This reply opened a glimpſe of generoſity, though ſullied with arrogance and pride. "I ſhould be ſorry, "(ſaid he) to ſee a countryman, who is "an honeſt man, in want of money; and "therefore, as I think it is probable you "are Mr. Thickneſſe, I will, when you "want your note changed, change it;" adding, however, that "he thanked God! "if he loſt the money, he could afford "it." I then told him, he had put it in my power to convince him, I was Mr. Thickneſſe, by declining, as I did, the boon he offered me; I declined it, indeed, with an honeſt indignation, becauſe I am

ſure

ſure he did not doubt my being Mr. Thickneſſe, and that *he*, not *I*, was the REAL PRETENDER. I had before told him, that I had ſome letters in my pocket written by a Spaniſh Gentleman of faſhion, whoſe hand-writing muſt be well known in that town;—but to this he obſerved, that there was not a Jew in Spain who could not write Spaniſh;—he further remarked, that if I was Mr. Thickneſſe, I had, in a publication of my travels, ſpoke of Sir John Lambert, a Pariſian Banker, in very unhandſome terms, and, for aught he knew, I might take the ſame liberty with his name, in future. I acknowledged that his charge was very true, and that his ſuggeſtion might be ſo; that I ſhould always ſpeak and publiſh ſuch truths as I thought proper, either for the information of others, or the ſatisfaction of myſelf. Mr. Wombwell, however, acknowledged, that Mr. Curtoys, to whom I ſhewed Lord Rochford's letter to me, ought to have been quite ſatisfied whether I was, or was not

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an impoſtor; but I ſtill left him under real or pretended doubts, with a reſolution to live upon bread and water, or the bounty of a taylor, my honeſt landlord; for, tho' a Spaniard, I am ſure he had that perception, and that humanity too, which Meſſ. Curtoys and Wombwell have not, or artfully concealed from me: yet, in ſpite of all the unkind behaviour of the latter, I could not help ſhewing him my ſhare of vanity too; I therefore ſent him a letter, and encloſed therein others written to me by the late Lord Holland, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Oxford, and many other people of rank; and deſired him to give me credit, at leaſt, for *that* which he could loſe nothing by—that of my being, if I was an impoſtor, an ingenious one. He ſent the letters, handſomely ſealed up, back again, without any anſwer; and there finiſhed for ever, our correſpondence, unleſs *he ſhould renew it*.

I am

I am aſhamed of ſaying ſo much about theſe men and myſelf, where I could find much better ſubjects, and ſome, perhaps, of entertainment; but it is neceſſary to ſhew how very proper it is for a ſtranger to to take with him letters of recommendation when he travels, not only to other kingdoms, but to every city where he propoſes to reſide, even for a ſhort time; for, as Mr. Wombwell juſtly obſerved, when I have a letter of recommendation from my friend, or correſpondent, I can have no doubt who the bearer is; and I had rather take that recommendation than Bank notes.——I confeſs, that merchants cannot be too cautious and circumſpect: I can, and do forgive Mr. Curtoys, for reaſons he ſhall ſhew you under his own hand; but I have too good an opinion of Mr. Wombwell's perception to ſo readily forget his ſhrewd repriſals; though I muſt, I cannot refrain from telling you what a flattering thing he ſaid to me: I had ſhewn him a printed

a printed paper, ſigned *Junius*; ſaid he, "If you wrote this, you may be, for aught "I know, really JUNIUS." I aſſured him that I was not; for being in Spain, and out of the reach of the inquiſitorial court of Weſtminſter-Hall, I would inſtantly avow it, for fear I ſhould die ſuddenly, and carry that ſecret, like *Mrs. Faulkner*, to the grave with me.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

BARCELONA.

YOU will, as I am, be tired of hearing ſo much about Meſſrs. Wombwell, Curtoys, Adams, and Co.—but as there are ſome other perſons here, which my laſt letter muſt have put you in ſome pain about, I muſt renew the ſubject. I had, you know, ſome letters of recommendation to the *Marquis of Grimaldi*, which I had reſerved to deliver into his Excellency's hands at *Madrid*; but which I found neceſſary to ſend away by the poſt, and to requeſt the honour of his Excellency to write to ſome Spaniard of faſhion here, to ſhew me countenance, and to clear up my ſuſpected character. I accordingly wrote to the *Marquis*, and ſent him my letters of recommendation, but ſixteen days was the ſooneſt I could expect an anſwer. I there-

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fore, in the mean time, wrote myſelf to the *Intendant* of *Barcelona*, a man of ſenſe, and high birth; I told him my name, and that I had letters in my pocket from a Spaniſh Gentleman of faſhion, whom he knew, which would convince him who I was, and deſired leave to wait upon him. The Intendant fixed ſix o'clock the ſame evening. I was received, and conducted into his apartment, for he was ill, by one of his daughters; the only woman I had ſeen in Barcelona that had either beauty or breeding;—this young Lady had both in a high degree. After ſhewing my letters, and having converſed a little with the Intendant, a Lady with a red face, and a noſe as big as a brandy bottle, accoſted me in Engliſh: "Behold, Sir, (ſaid ſhe) your countrywo-"man." This was Madam O'Reily, wife to the Governor of *Monjuique* Caſtle, and brother to the Gentleman of that name, ſo well known, and ſo amply provided for, by the late and preſent King of Spain. She was very civil, and ſeemed ſenſible. Her

 huſband,

huſband, the Governor, ſoon after came in, and the whole family ſmiled upon me. I then began to think I ſhouldeſcape both goal and inquiſition. Mrs. O'Rily viſited my family. Mr. O'Rily borrowed a houſe for me, and a charming one too; I ſay borrowed it, for no Spaniard lets his houſe; I was only to make him ſome *recompenſe for his politeneſs and generoſity*. The Intendant even ſent Gov. O'Reily to know why Mr. Curtoys had not preſented me, on the court-day, to the Captain-General. Mr. Conſul Curtoys was obliged to give his reaſons in perſon; had they been true, they were good: the Intendant accepted them, and ſaid he would preſent me himſelf. Things ſeemed now to take a favourable turn: Mr. Curtoys viſited me on his way back from the Intendant's; aſſured me he had told him that I was a man of character, and an honeſt man; and that though he could not *ſee me* as *Conſul Curtoys*, he ſhould be glad to ſee me as *Merchant Curtoys*. On the other

other hand, the *Marquis of Grimaldi*, with the politeneſs of a miniſter, and the feelings of humanity, wrote me a very flattering letter indeed, and ſent it by a ſpecial *courier*, who came in four days from *Madrid*. Now, thought I, a fig for your Wombwells, Curtoys, &c. The firſt miniſter's favour, and the *ſhining countenance* of Madam O'Rily, muſt carry me through every thing. But, alas! it was quite otherwiſe;—the *courier* who brought my letter had directions to deliver it into my own hands; but either by *his blunder*, or *Madam O'Reily's*, I did not get it till *nine hours* after it arrived, and then *from the hands* of Madam O'Reily's ſervant. The contents of this letter were ſoon known: the favour of the Miniſter at *Madrid* did not ſhine upon me at the *Court of Barcelona!* I viſited Madam O'Rily, who looked at me,—if I may uſe ſuch a coarſe expreſſion,—"like God's revenge againſt murder." I could not divine what I had done, or what omitted to do. I could get no admittance at

the Intendant's, neither. I propoſed going to *Montſerrat*, and aſked my *fair* country-woman for a letter to one of the Monks; but—*ſhe knew nobody there, not ſhe:*—Why then, Madam, ſaid I, perhaps I had better go back to France:—Oh! but, ſays ſhe, perhaps the *Marquis of Grimaldi* will not let you; adding, that the laws of France and Spain were very different.—But, pray Madam, ſaid I, what have the laws of either kingdom to do with me, while I violate none of them? I am a citizen of the world, and conſequently free in every country.——Now, Sir, to decypher all this, which I did by the help of ſome *characters* an honeſt Spaniard gave me:—Why, ſays he, they ſay you are a *great Captain*; that you have had an attention ſhewn you by the *Marquis of Grimaldi*, which none of the O'Rily's ever obtained; and they are afraid that you are come here to take the eldeſt brother's poſt from him, and that you are to command the troops upon the ſecond expedition to

Algiers;

Algiers; for every body is much diſſatiſfied with his conduct on the firſt; adding, that the Spaniards do not love him.—— I told him, that might ariſe from his being a ſtranger; but I had been well aſſured, and I firmly believed it, that he is a gallant, an able, and a good officer; but, ſaid I, that cannot be the reaſon at ſo much ſhyneſs in the *Intendant*, even if it does raiſe any uneaſineſs in the O'Reilys' family:— Yes, ſaid he, it does; for the Captain-General O'Rily is married lately to one of the Intendant's daughters. So you ſee here was another mine ſprung under me; and I determined to ſet out in a day or two for *Montſerrat*. I had but one card more to play, and that was to carry the open letter I had to the French Conſul, and which, I forgot to tell you, I had ſhewn to the acute, diſcerning, and ſagacious merchant Wombwell. It was written by *Madame de Maigny*, the Lady of the *Chevalier de Maigny*, of the regiment *d'Artois*, one of the Gentlemen with whom I had eat that

voluptuous ſupper in company at *Pont St. Eſprit*; but, as Mr. Wombwell ſhrewdly obſerved, my name was not even mentioned in that letter, it was the *bearer only* who was recommended; and how could that Lady, any more than Mr. Wombwell, tell, but that I had murdered the firſt bearer, and robbed him of his recommendatory letter, and dreſſed myſelf in his ſcarlet and gold-laced coat, to practiſe the ſame wicked arts upon their lives and fortunes?

Now, you will naturally wiſh to know how Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne, my *vis-à-vis* neighbour in the ſame *Hotel*, conducted himſelf. I had, before all this fuſs, eat, drank, and converſed with him: he is a ſenſible, genteel, well-bred man; and there was with him Mr. Swinburne, who was equally agreeable: no wonder, therefore, if I endeavoured to cultivate an acquaintance with two ſuch men, ſo much ſuperior, in all reſpects, to what the town afforded.

afforded. Sir Thomas, however, became rather reſerved; perhaps not more ſo than good policy made neceſſary for a man who was only juſt entering upon a grand tour through the whole kingdom, from Barcelona to Cadiz, Madrid, &c. &c. I perceived this ſhyneſs, but did not reſent it, becauſe I could not cenſure it. He had no ſuſpicion of me at firſt; and if he had afterwards, I could not tell what circumſtances might have been urged againſt me; and I conſidered, that if a man of his fortune and figure could have been ſuſpected, there was much reaſon for him to join with others in ſuſpecting me.

The Jew, it ſeems, who had put off the counterfeit bank notes, had been advertiſed in all the foreign papers; his perſon was particularly deſcribed; and as application had been made to the Courts of France and Spain, to ſtop the career of ſuch a villain, the Governor of *Barcelona* had, upon Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne's firſt arrival, ſtopped him,

him, and ſent for the Conſul, verily believing he had got the offender. The Jew was deſcribed as a ſhort, plump, black man; and as Sir Thomas has black eyes, and is rather *en bon point*, the plain, honeſt Governor had not diſcernment enough to ſee that eaſe and good breeding in Sir Thomas, which no Jew, however well he may imitate Bank notes, can counterfeit. But as Sir Thomas had letters of credit upon Mr. Curtoys, which aſcertained his perſon and rank, this adventure became a laughable one to him. It is, indeed, from his mouth I relate it, though, perhaps, not with all the circumſtances he told me.—Now, had my perſon tallied as well as Sir Thomas's did with that of the itinerant Jew, I ſhould certainly have been in one of the round towers, which ſtick pretty thick in the walls of the fortification of this town.

You will tremble—I aſſure you, I do—when I think of another eſcape I had; and I will

I will tell you how:—The day after I left *Cette*, I came to a ſpot where the roads divide; here I aſked two men, which was mine to *Narbonne?* one of them anſwered me in Engliſh; he was a ſhabby, but genteel-looking young man, ſaid he came from *Italy*, and was going to *Barcelona*; that he had been defrauded of his money at *Venice* by a parcel of ſharpers, and was going to *Spain* to get a paſſage to Holland, of which country he was a native; he was then in treaty, he ſaid, with the other man to ſell him a pair of breeches, to furniſh him with money to carry him on; and as I had no ſervant at that time, he earneſtly intreated me to take him into my ſervice: I would not do that, you may be ſure; but leſt he might be an unfortunate man, like myſelf, I told him, if he could contrive to lie at the inns I did, I would pay for his bed and ſupper. He accepted an offer, I ſoon became very ſorry I had made; and when we arrived at *Perpignan*, I gave him a little money to proceed, but abſolutely

lutely forbad him either to walk near my chaiſe, or to ſleep at the ſame inns I did; for as I knew him not, he ſhould not enter into another kingdom as one in my *ſuite*; and I ſaw no more of him till ſome days after my arrival at Barcelona, where he accoſted me in a better habit, and ſhewed me ſome real, or counterfeit gold he had got, he ſaid, of a friend who knew his father at Amſterdam. He was a bold, daring fellow; and it was with ſome difficulty I could prevail upon him not to walk *cheek by jole* with me along the ramparts.

Soon after this I was informed, that a fine-dreſſed, little black-eyed man was arrived in a bark from Italy. This man proved to be, as Mr. Curtoys informed me, the very Jew whom Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne was ſuſpected to be: he was apprehended, and committed to one of the round towers. But what will you ſay, or what would have been my lot, had I taken the other man into my ſervice?—for the minute *my white man*,

man, for he was a *whitiſh* Jew, ſaw the black one arrive, he decamped; they were afraid of each other, and both wanted to eſcape; my man went off on foot; the black man was apprehended, while he was in treaty with the maſter of the ſame bark he came in, to carry him to ſome other ſea-port. Now had I come in with ſuch a ſervant, and with my ſuſpected Bank notes, without letters of credit, or recommendation; had the Jew arrived, who is the real culprit, and who had been connected with my man, what would have become of his maſter, your unfortunate humble ſervant?—I doubt the *abilities* of his Britannic Majeſty's Conſul would not have been able to have divided our degrees of *guilt* properly; and that I ſhould have experienced but little charity on my ſtraw bed, from the humanity of Mr. Wombwell. However, I had ſtill one card more to play to reinforce my purſe; it was one, I thought, could not fail, and the money was nearer home:—I had lent, while I

was

was at Calais, thirty guineas to a French officer, for no other reaſon but becauſe he wanted it: I knew the man; and as he promiſed to pay me in three months, and as that time was expired, I applied to Mr. Harris, a Scotch merchant, at his houſe at Barcelona, on whom the London Bankers of the ſame name give letters of credit to travellers. I begged the favour of him to ſend the note to his correſpondents at Paris, and to procure the money for me, and when it was paid, that he would give it to me at Barcelona; but Mr. Harris too, begged to be excuſed; he ſtarted ſome difficulties, but at length did give me a receipt for the note, and promiſed, reluctantly enough, to ſend it. I began now to think that I ſhould ſtarve indeed. Every article of life is high in Spain, and my purſe was low. I therefore wrote to Mr. Curtoys, to know if he had any tidings of the Bank bills; for I had immediately wrote to Meſſrs. Hoare, to beg the favour of them to ſend Mr. Curtoys the numbers of thoſe

thoſe which I received at their Houſe; and they very politely informed me, they had ſo done. Mr. Conſul Curtoys favoured me with the following anſwer:

" Mr. Curtoys preſents his compliments " to Mr. Thickneſſe; no ways doubts the " Bank bills *to be good*, from London this " poſt under the 24th paſt, they *accuſe* re- " ceipt thereof, &c. *Barcelona*, 12th of " December, 1775."

As Mr. Curtoys's correſpondent had *accuſed receipt thereof*, I thought I might too, and accordingly I went and deſired my money. The Caſhier was ſick, they ſaid, and I was deſired to call agen the next morning, *when he would be much better*;— I did ſo, and received my money; and ſhall ſet off immediately for *Montſerrat*, ſinging, and ſaying what I do not exactly agree to; but, being at Rome, I would do as they do there: I therefore taught my children

childrien to repeat the following Spaniſh proverb:

" Barcelonaes Buéno,
" Si la Bolſa ſuéno;
" Suéno ô no ſuéno,
" Barcelonaes Buéno."

I will not tranſlate what, I am ſure, you will underſtand the ſenſe of much better than you will think I experienced the truth. I hope, however, to have done with my misfortunes; for I am going to viſit a ſpot inhabited by virtuous and retired men; a place, according to all reports, cut out by nature for ſuch who are able to ſequeſter themſelves from all worldly concerns; and from ſuch, (ſtrangers as they are) I am ſure I ſhall meet with more charity (for they deal in nothing elſe) than I met with humanity or politeneſs at Barcelona.

P. S. I ſhould have told you, that before Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne left this town, he

he ſent a polite meſſage, to deſire to take leave of me and my family: I therefore waited upon him; and as he propoſed viſiting Gibraltar, I troubled him with a letter to my ſon, then on that duty; and was ſorry ſoon after to find that my ſon had left the garriſon before Sir Thomas could arrive at it. If you aſk me how Sir Thomas Gaſcoyne ventured to make ſo great a tour through a country ſo awkwardly circumſtanced for travellers in general, and ſtrangers in particular, I can only ſay, that when I ſaw him he had but juſt began his long journey, and that he had every advantage which *religion* and fortune could give him. I had none: he travelled with two coaches, two ſets of horſes, two ſaddle mules, and was protected by a train of ſervants. I had religion, (but it was a bad one in that country) and only one footman, who ſtrictly maintained his character, for he always walked. Indeed, it is the faſhion of all Spaniſh gentlemen to be followed by their

ſervant

ſervant on foot. I therefore travelled like a Spaniard; Sir Thomas like an Engliſhman. The whole city of *Barcelona* was in an uproar the morning Sir Thomas's two coaches ſet off; and I heard, with concern, that they both broke down before they got half way to *Valencia*; but, with pleaſure, by a polite letter ſoon after from Mr. Swinburne, that they got ſo far in perfect health.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

P. S. Before I quit Barcelona, it will be but juſt to ſay, that it is a good city, has a fine mole, and a noble citadel, beſide *Monjuique*, a ſtrong fort, which ſtands on a high hill, and which commands the town as well as the harbour. The town is very large and ſtrongly fortified, ſtands in a large plain, and is encompaſſed with a ſemi-circular range of high hills, rather than mountains, which form *un coup-dœil*, that is very pleaſing, as not only the ſides

of

of the hills are adorned with a great number of country-houſes, but the plain alſo affords a great many, beſide ſeveral little villages. The roads too near the town are very good. As to the city itſelf, it is rather well built in general, than abounding with any particular fine buildings. The Inquiſition has nothing to boaſt of now, either within or without, having (fortunately for the public) loſt a great part of its former power: it, however, ſtill keeps an awe upon all who live within its verge. I never ſaw a town in which trade is carried on with more ſpirit and induſtry: the indolent diſpoſition of the Spaniards of *Caſtile*, and other provinces, has not extended ever into this part of Spain. They have here a very fine theatre; but thoſe who perform upon the ſtage are the refuſe of the people, and are too bad to be called by the name of actors. They have neither libraries nor pictures worthy of much notice, though they boaſt of one or two paintings in their churches by natives of

the town, François *Guirro,* and John *Arnau.* In the cuſtom-houſe hangs a full-length of the preſent King, ſo execrable, that one would wonder it was not put, with the painter, into the Inquiſition, as a libel on royalty and the arts. I am told, at *La Fête Dieu* there are ſome proceſſions of the moſt ridiculous nature. The fertility of the earth in and about the town is wonderful; the minute one crop is off the earth, another is put in; no part of the year puts a ſtop to vegetation. In the coldeſt weather, the market abounds with a great variety of the choiceſt flowers; yet their ſweets cannot over-power the intolerable ſmell which ſalt fiſh, and ſtinking fiſh united, diffuſe over all that part of the city; and rich as the inhabitants are, you will ſee the legs, wings, breaſts, and entrails of fowls, in the market, cut up as joints of meat are in other countries, to be ſold ſeparately: nor could I find in this great city either oil, olives, or wine, that were tolerable. I paid a guinea a day at the

the *Fontain d'Or* for my table; yet every thing was ſo dirty, that I always made my dinner from the deſert; nor was there any other place but the ſtable of this dirty inn to put up my horſe, where I paid twelve livres a week for ſtraw only; and whoever lodges at this inn, muſt pay five ſhillings a day for their dinner, whether they dine there or not.

Catalonia is undoubtedly the beſt cultivated, the richeſt, and moſt induſtrious province, or principality, in Spain; and the King, who has the SUN FOR HIS HAT, (for it always ſhines in ſome part of his dominions) has nothing to boaſt of, equal to *Catalonia*.

As I have almoſt as much abhorrence to the Moors, as even the Spaniards themſelves, (having viſited that coaſt two or three times, many years ago) you may be ſure I was grieved to meet, every time I went out, ſo many maimed and wounded

officers and ſoldiers, who were not long returned from the unſucceſsful expedition to *Algiers*. There are no troops in the world more ſteady than the Spaniards; it was not for want of bravery that they miſcarried, but there was ſome ſad miſmanagement; and had the Moors followed their blows, not a man of them would have returned. My ſervant, (a French deſerter) who was upon that expedition, ſays, Gen. O'Reily was the firſt who landed, and the laſt who embarked;—but it is the HEAD, not the *arm* of a commander in chief, which is moſt wanted. The Moors, at *le point du jour*, advanced upon the Spaniards behind a formidable *maſked and moving battery* of camels: the Spaniards, believing them, by a faint light, to be cavalry, expended a great part of their ſtrength, ſpirits, and ammunition, upon thoſe harmleſs animals; and it was not till *this curtain* was removed that the dreadful carnage began, in which they loſt about nine thouſand men. There ſeems to have been ſome ſtrange miſmanagement;

nagement; it ſeems probable that there was no very good underſtanding between the marine and the land officers. The fleet were many days before the town, and then landed juſt where the Moors expected they would land. There is nothing ſo difficult, ſo dangerous, nor ſo liable to miſcarriage, as the war of *invading:* our troops experienced it at *St. Cas*; and they either have, or will experience it in America. The wild Negroes in Jamaica, to whom Gov. Trelawney wiſely gave, what they contended for, (LIBERTY) were not above fifteen hundred fit to bear arms. I was in ſeveral ſkirmiſhes with them, and ſecond in command under Mr. Adair's brother, a valiant young man, who died afterwards in the field, who made peace with them; yet I will venture to affirm, that though five hundred diſciplined troops would have ſubdued them in an open country, the united force of France and England could not have extirpated them from their faſt holds in the mountains. Did not a Baker

battle and defeat two Marſhals of France in the Cevennes? And is it probable, that all the fleets and armies of Great-Britain can conquer America?—England may as well attempt moving that Continent on this ſide the Atlantic.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

I NEVER left any place with more ſecret ſatisfaction than I did *Barcelona*; excluſive of the entertainment I was prepared to expect, by viſiting this holy mountain; nor have I been diſappointed; but on the contrary, found it, in every reſpect, infinitely ſuperior to the various accounts I had heard of it. I will attempt to give you ſome idea of it;—to give a perfect deſcription of it is impoſſible;—to do that, it would require ſome of thoſe attributes which the Divine Power, by whoſe almighty hands it was raiſed, is endowed with. It is called *Montſerrat*, or *Mount-Scié*,* by the *Catalonians*, words which ſignify a cut or *ſawed mountain*; and ſo called from its ſingular and extraordinary form; for it is ſo broken, ſo divided, and ſo

* The arms of the Abbey is—A ſaw in the middle of a rock.

ſo crowned with an infinite number of ſpiring cones, or PINE heads, that it has the appearance, at diſtant view, to be the work of man; but upon a nearer approach, to be evidently raiſed by HIM alone, to whom nothing is impoſſible. It looks, indeed, like the firſt rude ſketch of GOD's work; but the deſign is great, and the execution ſuch, that it compels all men who approach it, to lift up their hands and eyes to heaven, and to ſay,—Oh GOD!—HOW WONDERFUL ARE ALL THY WORKS!

It is no wonder then, that ſuch a place ſhould be fixed upon for the reſidence of holy and devout men; for there is not ſurely upon the habitable globe a ſpot ſo properly adapted for retirement and contemplation; it has therefore, for many ages, been inhabited only by monks and hermits, whoſe firſt vow is, never to forſake it;—a vow, without being either a hermit or a monk, I could make, I think, without repenting.

If

If it be true, and ſome great man has ſaid ſo, that "*whoſoever delighted in ſolitude, is either a wild beaſt, or a God*;" the inhabitants of this ſpot are certainly more than men; for no wild beaſt dwells here. But it is the *place*, not the people, I mean at preſent to ſpeak of. It ſtands in a vaſt plain, ſeven leagues they call it, but it is at leaſt thirty miles from *Barcelona*, and nearly in the center of the principality of *Catalonia*. The height of it is ſo very conſiderable, that in one hour's ſlow travelling towards it, after we left *Barcelona*, it ſhewed its pointed ſteeples, high over the leſſer mountains, and ſeemed ſo very near, that it would have been difficult to have perſuaded a perſon, not accuſtomed to ſuch deceptions, in ſo clear an atmoſphere, to believe, that we had much more than an hour's journey to arrive at it; inſtead of which, we were all that day in getting to *Martorel*, a ſmall city, ſtill three leagues diſtant from it, where we lay at the Three Kings, a pretty

pretty good inn, kept by an inſolent impoſing Italian. *Martorel* ſtands upon the ſteep banks of the river *Lobregate*, over which there is a modern bridge, of a prodigious height, the piers of which reſt on the oppoſite ſhore, againſt a Roman triumphal arch of great ſolidity, and originally of great beauty. I think I tell you the truth when I ſay, that I could perceive the convent, and ſome of the hermitages, when I firſt ſaw the mountain, at above twenty miles diſtance. From *Martorel*, however, they were as viſible as the mountain itſelf, to which the eye was directed, down the river, the banks of which were adorned with trees, villages, houſes, &c. and the view terminated by this the moſt glorious monument in nature. When I firſt ſaw the mountain, it had the appearance of an infinite number of rocks cut into *conical* forms, and built one upon another to a prodigious height. Upon a nearer view, each cone appeared of itſelf a mountain; and the *tout enſemble* compoſe an enormous

maſs

maſs of the *Lundus Helmonti*, or plumb-pudding ſtone, fourteen miles in circumference, and what the Spaniards *call* two leagues in height. As it is like unto no other mountain, ſo it ſtands quite unconnected with any, though not very diſtant from ſome very lofty ones. Near the baſe of it, on the ſouth ſide, are two villages, the largeſt of which is *Montroſol*; but my eyes were attracted by two ancient towers, which ſtood upon a hill near *Colbaton*, the ſmalleſt, and we drove to that, where we found a little *poſada*, and the people ready enough to furniſh us with mules and aſſes, for we were now become quite impatient to viſit the hallowed and celebrated convent, *De Neuſtra Senora*; a convent, to which pilgrims reſort from the furtheſt parts of Europe, ſome bearing, by way of penance, heavy bars of iron on their backs, others cutting and ſlaſhing their naked bodies with wire cords, or crawling to it on all-fours, like the beaſts of the field, to

obtain

obtain forgiveneſs of their ſins, by the interceſſion of *our Lady of Montſerrat*.

When we had aſcended a ſteep and rugged road, about one hour, and where there was width enough, and the precipices not too alarming, to give our eyes the utmoſt liberty, we had an earneſt of what we were to expect above, as well as the extenſive view below; our impatience to ſee more was encreaſed by what we had already ſeen; the majeſtic convent opened to us a view of her venerable walls; ſome of the hermits' cells peeped over the broken precipices ſtill higher; while we, glutted with aſtoniſhment, and made giddy with delight and amazement, looked up at all with a reverential awe, towards that God who raiſed the PILES, and the holy men who dwell among them,——Yes, Sir,—we caught the holy flame; and I hope we came down better, if not wiſer, than we went up. After aſcending full two hours and a half more, we arrived on a flat part

on

on the ſide, and about the middle of the mountain, on which the convent is built; but even that flat was made ſo by art, and at a prodigious expence. Here, however, was width enough to look ſecurely about us; and, good God! what an extenſive field of earth, air, and ſea, did it open! The ancient towers, which at firſt attracted my notice near *Colbaton*, were dwindled into pig-ſties upon a *mounticule*. At length, and a great length it was, we arrived at the gates of the *Sanctuary*; on each ſide of which, on high pedeſtals, ſtand the enormous ſtatues of two ſaints; and nearly oppoſite, on the baſe of a rock, which leans in a frightful manner over the buildings, and threatens deſtruction to all below, a great number of human ſculls are fixed in the form of a croſs. Within the gate is a ſquare cloiſter, hung round with paintings of the miracles performed by the Holy Virgin, with votive offerings, &c. It was Advent week, when none of the monks quit their apartments, but one, whoſe weekly duty

duty it was to attend the call of ſtrangers; nor did the whole community afford but a ſingle member *(pere tender,* a *Fleming)* who could ſpeak French. It was *Pere Paſcal,* by whom we were ſhewn every mark of politeneſs and attention, which a man of the world could give, but adminiſtered with all that humility and meekneſs, ſo becoming a man who had renounced it. He put us in poſſeſſion of a good room, with good beds; and as it was near night, and very cold, he ordered a brazier of red-hot embers into our apartment; and having ſent for the cook of the ſtrangers' kitchen, (for there are four public kitchens) and ordered him to obey our commands, he retired to evening *veſpers*; after which he made us a ſhort viſit, and continued to do ſo, two or three times every day, while we ſtaid. Indeed, I began to fear we ſtaid too long, and told him ſo; but he aſſured me the apartment was ours for a month or two, if we pleaſed. During our ſtay, he admitted me into his apartments, and filled

my

my box with delicious Spaniſh ſnuff, and ſhewed us every attention we could wiſh, and much more than, as *unrecommended* ſtrangers, we could expect. All the poor who come here are fed gratis for three days, and all the ſick received in the hoſpital. Sometimes, on particular feſtivals, ſeven thouſand arrive in one day; but people of condition pay a reaſonable price for what they eat. There was before our apartment a long covered gallery; and tho' we were in a deep receſs of the rocks, which projected wide and high on our right and left, we had in front a moſt extenſive view of the *world below*, and the more diſtant Mediterranean Sea. It was a moon-light night; and, in ſpite of the cold, it was impoſſible to be ſhut out of the enchanting lights and ſhades which her ſilver beams reflected on the rude rocks above, beneath, and on all ſides of us.—Every thing was as ſtill as death, till the ſonorous convent bell warned the Monks to midnight prayer. At two o'clock, we heard

heard ſome of the tinkling bells of the hermits' cells above give notice, that they too were going to their devotion at the appointed hour: after which I retired to my bed; but my mind was too much awakened to permit me to ſleep; I was impatient for the return of day-light, that I might proceed ſtill higher; for, miſer like, tho' my *coffers were too full*, I coveted more; and accordingly, after breakfaſt, we eagerly ſet our feet to the firſt *round* of the *hermit's ladder*; it was a ſtone one indeed, but ſtood in all places dreadfully ſteep, and in many almoſt perpendicular. After mounting up a vaſt chaſm in the rock, yet full of trees and ſhrubs, about a thouſand paces, fatigued in body, and impatient for a ſafe reſting place, we arrived at a ſmall hole in the rock, through which we were glad to crawl; and having got to the ſecure ſide of it, prepared ourſelves, by a little reſt, to proceed further; but not, I aſſure you, without ſome apprehenſions, that if there was no better road down, we muſt have become

become *hermits*. After a ſecond clamber, not quite ſo dreadful as the firſt, but much longer, we got into ſome flowery and ſerpentine walks, which lead to two or three of the neareſt hermitages then viſible, and not far off, one of which hung over ſo horrible a precipice, that it was terrifying pictureſque. We were now, however, I thought, certainly in the garden of Eden! Certain I am, Eden could not be more beautifully adorned; for God alone is the gardener here alſo; and, conſequently, every thing proſpered around us which could gratify the eye, the noſe, and the imagination.

" Profuſe the myrtle ſpread unfading boughs,
" Expreſſive emblem of eternal vows."

For the myrtle, the eglantine, the jaſmin, and all the ſmaller kind of aromatic ſhrubs and flowers, grew on all ſides thick and ſpontaneouſly about us; and our feet bruſhed forth the ſweets of the lavender, roſemary, and thyme, till we arrived at

the firſt, and peaceful hermitage of *Saint Tiago*. We took poſſeſſion of the holy inhabitant's little garden, and was charmed with the neatneſs, and humble ſimplicity, which in every part characteriſed the poſſeſſor. His little chapel, his fountain, his vine arbor, his ſtately cypreſs, and the walls of his cell, embraced on all ſides with evergreens, and adorned with flowers, rendered it, excluſive of its ſituation, wonderfully pleaſing. His door, however, was faſt, and all within was ſilent; but upon knocking, it was opened by the venerable inhabitant: he was cloathed in a brown cloth habit, his beard was very long, his face pale, his manners courteous; but he ſeemed rather too deeply engaged in the contemplation of the things of the next world, to loſe much of his time with *ſuch things* as *us*. We therefore, after peeping into his apartments, took his benediction, and he retired, leaving us all his worldly poſſeſſions, but his ſtraw bed, his books, and his beads. This hermitage is confined between two

pine

pine heads, within very narrow bounds; but it is artfully fixed, and commands at noon day a moſt enchanting proſpect to the Eaſt and to the North. Though it is upwards of two thouſand three hundred paces from the convent, yet it hangs ſo directly over it, that the rocks convey not only the ſound of the organ, and the voices of the monks ſinging in the choir, but you may hear men in common converſation from the piazza below.

This is a long letter; but I know you would not willingly have left me in the midſt of danger, or before I was ſafe arrived at the firſt ſtage towards heaven, and ſeen one humble hoſt on GOD's high road.

P. S. At two o'clock, after midnight, theſe people riſe, ſay maſs, and continue the remainder of the night in prayer and contemplation. The hermits tell you, it was upon high mountains that God choſe to manifeſt his will:—*fundamenta ejus in*

montibus ſanctis, ſay they;—they conſider theſe rocks as ſymbols of their penitence, and mortifications; and its being ſo beautifully covered with fine flowers, odoriferous and rare plants, as emblems of the virtue and innocence of the religious inhabitants; or how elſe, ſay they, could ſuch rocks produce ſpontaneouſly flowers in a deſart, which ſurpaſs all that art and nature combined can do, in lower and more favourable ſoils? They may well think ſo; for human reaſon cannot account for the manner by which ſuch enormous quantities of trees, fruits, and flowers, are nouriſhed, ſeemingly without ſoil. But that which eſtabliſhed a church and convent on this mountain, was the ſtory of a hermit who reſided here many years; this was *Juan Guerin*, who lived on this mountain alone, the auſterity of whoſe life was ſuch, that the people below believed he ſubſiſted without eating or drinking. As ſome very extraordinary circumſtances attended this man's life, all which is univerſally believed

here,

here, it may not be amiſs to give you ſome account of him:—You muſt know, Sir, then, that the devil envying the happineſs of this good man, equipped himſelf in the habit of a hermit, and poſſeſſed himſelf of a cavern in the ſame mountain, which ſtill bears the name of the *Devil's Grot*; after which, he took occaſion to throw himſelf in the way of poor *Guerin*, to whom he expreſſed his ſurpriſe at ſeeing one of his own order dwell in a place he thought an abſolute deſert; but thanked God, for giving him ſo fortunate a meeting. Here the devil and *Guerin* became very intimate, and converſed much together on ſpiritual matters; and things went on well enough between them for a while, when another devil, chum to the firſt, poſſeſſed the body of a certain Princeſs, daughter of a Count of *Barcelona*, who became thereby violently tormented with horrible convulſions. She was taken to the church by her afflicted father. The dæmon who poſſeſſed her, and who ſpoke for her, ſaid, that

nothing could relieve her from her ſufferings but the prayers of a devout and pious hermit, named *Guerin*, who dwelt on *Montſerrat*. The father, therefore, immediately repaired to *Guerin*, and beſought his prayers and interceſſion for the recovery of his daughter. It ſo happened (for ſo the devil would have it) that this buſineſs could not be perfectly effected in leſs than nine days; and that the Princeſs muſt be left that time alone with *Guerin* in his cave. Poor *Guerin*, conſcious of his frail nature, oppoſed this meaſure with all his might; but there was no reſiſting the argument and influence of the devil, and ſhe was accordingly left. Youth, beauty, a cave, ſolitude, and virgin modeſty, were too powerful not to overcome even the chaſte vows and pious intentions of poor *Guerin*. The devil left the virgin, and poſſeſſed the ſaint. He conſulted his falſe friend, and told him how powerful this impure paſſion was become, and his intentions of flying from the danger; but the devil adviſed him *to return*

to his cell, and pray to God to protect him from ſin. *Guerin* took his council, returned, and fell into the fatal ſnare. The devil then perſuaded him to kill the Princeſs, in order to conceal his guilt, and to tell her father ſhe had forſaken his abode while he was intent on prayer. *Guerin* did ſo; but became very miſerable, and at length determined to make a pilgrimage to Rome, to obtain a remiſſion of his complicated crimes. The Pope enjoined him to return to *Montſerrat*, on all-fours, and to continue in that ſtate, without once looking up to heaven, for the ſpace of ſeven years, or 'till a child of three months old told him, his ſins were forgiven: all which *Guerin* chearfully complied with, and accordingly crawled back to the defiled mountain.

Soon after the expiration of the ſeven years Count *Vifroy*, the father of the murdered Princeſs, was hunting on the mountain of *Montſerrat*, and paſſing near *Guerin*'s cave, the

the dogs entered, and the ſervant ſeeing a hideous figure, concluded they had found the wild beaſt they were in purſuit of: they informed the Count with what they had ſeen, who gave directions to ſecure the beaſt alive, which was accordingly done; for he was ſo over-grown with hair, and ſo deformed in ſhape, that they had no idea of the creature being human. He was therefore kept in the Count's ſtable at *Barcelona*, and ſhewn to his viſitors as a wonderful and ſingular wild beaſt. During this time, while a company were examining this extraordinary animal, a nurſe with a young child in her arms looked upon it, and the child, after fixing its eyes ſtedfaſtly for a few minutes on *Guerin*, ſaid, "*Guerin riſe, thy ſins are forgiven thee!*"——*Guerin* inſtantly roſe, threw himſelf at the Count's feet, confeſſed the crimes he had been guilty of, and deſired to receive the puniſhment due to them, from the hands of him whom he had ſo highly injured;—but the Count,

Count, perceiving that God had forgiven him, forgave him alſo.

I will not trouble you with all the particulars which attended this miracle; it will be ſufficient to ſay, that the Count and *Guerin* went to take up the body of the murdered Princeſs, for burial with her anceſtors; but, to their great aſtoniſhment, found her there alive, poſſeſſing the ſame youth and beauty ſhe had been left with, and no alteration of any kind, but a purple ſtreak about her neck where the cord had been twiſted, and wherewith *Guerin* had ſtrangled her. The father deſired her to return to *Barcelona*; but ſhe informed him, that could not be; ſhe was enjoined by the Holy Virgin, ſhe ſaid, to ſpend her days on that miraculous ſpot; and accordingly a church and convent was built there, the latter inhabited by Nuns, of which the Princeſs (who had riſen from the dead) was the Abbeſs. It was called the Abbey

des

des Pucelles, of the order of *St. Benoît*, and was founded in the year 801. But ſuch a vaſt concourſe of people, of both ſexes, reſorted to it, from all parts of the world, that at length it was thought prudent to remove the women to a convent at *Barcelona*, and place a body of *Benedictine* monks in their place.

Strange as this ſtory is, it is to be ſeen in the archives of this holy houſe; and in the ſtreet called *Condal*, at *Barcelona*, may be ſeen in the wall of the old palace of the Count's, an ancient figure, cut in ſtone, which repreſents the nurſe with the child in her arms, and a ſtrange figure, on his knees, at her feet, and that is Friar *Guerin*.

Now, whether you will believe all this ſtory, or not, I cannot take upon me to ſay; but I will aſſure you, that when you viſit this ſpot, it will be neceſſary to *ſay you do*, and *to aſſure you that I do*; or you would

would appear in their eyes a much greater wonder than any thing which I have related, of the Devil, the Friar, the Virgin, and the Count.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

THE ſecond hermitage, for I give them in the order they are uſually viſited, is that of *St. Catherine,* ſituated in a deep and ſolitary vale: it however commands a moſt extenſive and pleaſing proſpect, at noon-day, to the Eaſt and Weſt. The buildings, garden, &c. are confined within ſmall limits, being fixed in a moſt picturesque and ſecure receſs under the foot of one of the high pines. Though this hermit's habitation is the moſt retired and ſolitary abode of any, and far removed from the *din* of men, yet the courteous, affable, and ſprightly inhabitant, ſeems not to feel the loſs of human ſociety, though no man, I think, can be a greater ornament to human nature. If he is not much accuſtomed to hear the voice of men, he is amply recompenſed by the mellifluous notes of birds; for it is their ſanctuary as well

well as his; for no part of the mountain is ſo well inhabited by the feathered race of beings as this delightful ſpot. Perhaps, indeed, they have ſagacity enough to know, that there is no other ſo perfectly ſecure. Here the nightingale, the black-bird, the linnet, and an infinite variety of little ſongſters, greater ſtrangers to my eyes, than fearful of my hands, dwell in perfect ſecurity, and live in the moſt friendly intimacy with their holy protector, and obedient to his call; for, ſays the hermit,

" Haſte here, ye feather'd race of various ſong,
" Bring all your pleaſing melody along!
" O come, ye tender, faithful, plaintive doves,
" Perch on my hands, and ſing your abſent loves!"——

When inſtantly the whole *vocal band* quit their ſprays, and ſurround the perſon of their daily benefactor, ſome ſettling upon his head, others entangle their feet in his beard, and, in the true ſenſe of the word, take his bread even out of his mouth; but it is freely given: their confidence is ſo great,

great, (for the holy father is their bondſman) that the ſtranger too partakes of their familiarity and careſſes. Theſe hermits are not allowed to keep within their walls either dog, cat, bird, or any living thing, leſt their attention ſhould be withdrawn from heavenly to earthly affections. I am ſorry to arraign this good man; he cannot be ſaid to tranſgreſs the law, but he certainly *evades* it; for though his feathered band do not live within his walls, they are always attendant upon his *court*; nor can any prince or princeſs upon earth boaſt of heads ſo *elegantly plumed*, as may be ſeen at the Court of St. *Catherine*; or of vaſſals who pay their tributes with half the chearfulneſs they are given and received by the humble monarch of this ſequeſtered vale. If his meals are ſcanty, his deſert is ſerved up with a ſong, and he is huſhed to ſleep by the nightingale; and when we conſider, that he has but few days in the whole year which are inferior to ſome of our beſt in the months of May and June,

you

you may eaſily conceive, that a man who breathes ſuch pure air, who feeds on ſuch light food, whoſe blood circulates freely from moderate exerciſe, and whoſe mind is never ruffled by worldly affairs; whoſe ſhort ſleeps are ſweet and refreſhing, and who lives confident of finding in death a more heavenly reſidence; lives a life to be envied, not pitied.—Turn but your eyes one minute from this man's ſituation, to that of any monarch or miniſter on earth, and ſay, on which ſide does the balance turn?—While ſome princes may be embruing their hands in the blood of their ſubjects, this man is offering up his prayers to God to preſerve all mankind:—— While ſome miniſters are ſending forth fleets and armies to wreak their own private vengeance on a brave and uncorrupted people, this ſolitary man is feeding, from his own ſcanty allowance, the birds of the air.——Conceive him, in his laſt hour, upon his ſtraw bed, and ſee with what compoſure and reſignation he meets it!—

Look

Look in the face of a dying king, or a plundering, and blood-thirſty miniſter,—what terrors the ſight of their velvet beds, adorned with crimſon plumage, muſt bring to their affrighted imagination!—In that awful hour, it will remind them of the innocent blood they have ſpilt;—nay, they will perhaps think, they were dyed with the blood of men ſcalped and maſſacred, to ſupport their vanity and ambition!——In ſhort, dear Sir, while kings and miniſters are torn to pieces by a thirſt after power and riches, and diſturbed by a thouſand anxious cares, this poor hermit can have but one, *i. e.* leſt he ſhould be removed (as the prior of the convent has a power to do) to ſome other cell, for that is ſometimes done, and very properly.

The youngeſt and moſt hardy conſtitutions are generally put into the higher hermitages, or thoſe to which the acceſs is moſt difficult; for the air is ſo fine in the higheſt parts of the mountain, that they ſay

ſay it often renders the reſpiration painful. Nothing therefore can be more reaſonable than, that as theſe good men grow older, and leſs able to bear the fatigues and inconveniencies the higheſt abodes unavoidably ſubject them to, ſhould be removed to more convenient dwellings, and that the younger and ſtouter men ſhould ſucceed them.

As the hermits never eat meat, I could not help obſerving to him, how fortunate a circumſtance it was for the ſafety of his little feathered friends; and that there were no boys to diſturb their young, nor any ſportſman to kill the parent.——God forbid, ſaid he, that one of them ſhould fall, but by his hands who gave it life!—Give me your hand, ſaid I, and bleſs me!—I believe it did; *but it ſhortened my viſit:*—ſo I ſtept into the *grot*, and *ſtole* a pound of chocolate upon his ſtone table, and myſelf away.

If there is a happy man upon this earth, I have ſeen that extraordinary man, and here he dwells!—his features, his manners, all his looks and actions, announce it;—yet he had not even a ſingle *maravedi* in his pocket:—money is as uſeleſs to him, as to one of his black-birds.

Within a gun-ſhot of this *remnant* of *Eden*, are the remains of an ancient hermitage, called *St. Pedro*. While I was there, my hermit followed me; but I too *coveted retirement*. I had juſt bought a fine fowling-piece at *Barcelona*; and when he came, I was availing myſelf of the hallowed ſpot, to make *my vow* never to uſe it. In truth, dear Sir, there are ſome ſort of pleaſures too powerful for the body to bear, as well as ſome ſort of pain: and here I was wrecked upon the wheel of felicity; and could only ſay, like the poor criminal who ſuffered at *Dijon*,—O God! O God! at every *coup*.

I was

I was ſorry my hoſt did not underſtand Engliſh, nor I Spaniſh enough, to give him the ſenſe of the lines written in poor *Shenſtone*'s alcove.

" O you that bathe in courtlye bliſs,
" Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare;
" Do not too raſhly deeme amiſſe
" Of him that bides contented here.

I forgot the other lines; but they conclude thus:

" For faults there beene in buſye life
" From which theſe peaceful glennes are
" free."

LETTER XXII.

I KNOW you will not like to leave *St. Catherine*'s harmonious cell ſo ſoon;—nor ſhould I, but that I intend to viſit it again. I will therefore conduct you to *St. Juan*, about four hundred paces diſtant from it, on the eaſt ſide of which, you look down a moſt horrid and frightful precipice,—a precipice, ſo very tremendous, that I am perſuaded there are many people whoſe imagination would be ſo intoxicated by looking at it, that they might be in danger of throwing themſelves over: I do not know whether you will underſtand my meaning by ſaying ſo; but I have more than once been ſo bewildered with ſuch alarming *coup d'œil* on this mountain, that I began to doubt whether my own powers were ſufficient to protect me:—Horſes, from ſudden fright, will often run into the fire; and man too, may be forced upon his

his own deſtruction, to avoid thoſe ſenſations of danger he has not been accuſtomed to look upon. Perhaps I am talking nonſenſe; and that you will attribute what I ſay to lowneſs of ſpirits; on the contrary, I had thoſe feelings about me only during the time my eyes were employed upon ſuch frightful objects; for my ſpirits were enlivened by pure air, exerciſe, and temperance:—nay, I remember to have been ſtruck in the ſame manner, when the grand exploſion of the fire-works were played off, many years ago, upon the concluſion of peace! The blaſt was ſo great, that it appeared as if it were deſigned to take with it all earthly things; and I felt almoſt forced by it, ſummoned from my ſeat, and could hardly refrain from jumping over a parapet wall which ſtood before me. The building of this hermitage, however, is very ſecure; nothing can ſhake or remove it, but that which muſt ſhake or remove the whole mountain. At this cell, ſmall as it is, King Philip the Third dined on the

eleventh of July 1599;—a circumſtance, you may be ſure, the inhabitant will never forget, or omit to mention. It commands at noon-day a fine proſpect eaſtward, and and is approached by a good ſtage of ſteps. Not far from it, on the road ſide, is a little chapel called St. Michael, a chapel as ancient as the monaſtery itſelf; and a little below is the grotto, in which the image of the Virgin, now fixed in the high altar of the church, was found. The entrance of this grotto is converted into a chapel, where maſs is ſaid every day by one of the monks. All the hermitages, even the ſmalleſt, have their little chapel, the ornaments for ſaying maſs, their water ciſtern, and moſt of them a little garden. The building conſiſts of one or two little chambers, a little refectory, and a kitchen; but many of them have every convenience within and without that a ſingle man can wiſh or deſire, except he ſhould wiſh for or deſire *ſuch things* as he was obliged to renounce when he took poſſeſſion of it.

From

From hence, by a road more wonderful than ſafe or pleaſing, you are led on a ridge of mountains to the lofty cell of *St. Onofre*. It ſtands in a cleft in one of the pine heads, ſix and thirty feet (I was going to ſay) above the earth; its appearance is indeed aſtoniſhing, for it ſeems in a manner hanging in the air; the acceſs to it is by a ladder of ſixty ſteps, extremely difficult to aſcend, and even then you have a wooden bridge to croſs, fixed from rock to rock, under which is an aperture of ſo terrifying an appearance, that I ſtill think a perſon, not over timid, may find it very difficult to paſs over, if he looks under, without loſing in ſome degree that firmneſs which is neceſſary to his own preſervation. The beſt and ſafeſt way is, to look forward at the building or object you are going to.—Fighting, and even courage, is mechanical; a man may be taught it as readily as any other ſcience; and I would *pit* the little timid hermit of *St. Onofre* to a march,

on

on the margin of the precipices on this mountain, againſt the braveſt general we have in America. The man that would not wince at the whiſtle of a cannon-ball over his head, may find his blood retire, and his ſenſes bewildered, at a dreadful precipice under his feet. *St. Onofre* poſſeſſes no more ſpace than what is covered in by the tiling, nor any proſpect but to the South. The inhabitant of it ſays, he often ſees the iſlands of *Minorca*, *Mallorca*, and *Ivica*, and the kingdoms of *Valencia* and *Murcia*. The weather was extremely fine when I viſited it, but there was a diſtant hazineſs which prevented my ſeeing thoſe iſlands; indeed, my eyes were better employed and entertained in examining objects more intereſting, as well as more pleaſing. Going from this hermitage, you have a view of the vale of *St. Mary*, formerly called la *Vallée Amere*, thro' which the river *Lobregate* runs, and which divides the biſhoprick of Barcelona from that of *De Vic*.

Left

Leſt you ſhould think I am rather too tremendouſly deſcriptive of this *upland* journey, hear what a French traveller ſays, who viſited this mountain about twenty years ago. After examining every thing curious at the convent, he ſays, " *Il ne* " *me reſtoit plus rien à voir que l'hermitage* " *qui eſt renommé, il eſt dans la partie la plus* " *élevée de la montagne, & partagé en treize* " *habitations, pour autant d'hermites. Le* " *plaiſir de le voir devoit me dedommager de* " *la peine qu'il me falloit prendre pour y mon-* " *ter, en grimpant pendant plus de deux heu-* " *res. J'aurois pu me ſervir de ma mule,* " *mais il m'auroit fallu prendre un chemin* " *où j'aurois mis le double du tems. Je m'ar-* " *mai donc de courage, & entré dans une* " *enceinte par une porte que l'on m'ouvrît* " *avec peine au dehors du monaſtere, je com-* " *mençai a monter par des degrés qui ſem-* " *bloient perpendiculaires, tant ils étoient* " *roides; & je fus obligè de m'agraffer à des* " *barres qui y ſont placées exprés: enſuite,*

" *je*

" *je me traînai par-deſſous de groſſes pierres,*
" *qui ſont comme des voûtes ruinées, dont les*
" *ouvertures ſont le ſeul paſſage qu'il y ait*
" *pour quiconque a la témerité de s'engager*
" *dans ces défilés ; apres avoir grimpé, envi-*
" *ron mille pas, je trouvai un petit terrein*
" *uni où je me laiſſai tomber tout étendu afin*
" *de reprendre ma reſpiration qui commen-*
" *coit à me manquer.*" And yet this was only the Frenchman's firſt ſtage on his way to the firſt and neareſt hermitage; and who I find clambered up the very road we did, rather than take the longer rout on mule-back; and, for ought I know, a rout ſtill more dangerous, for there are many places where the precipice is perpendicular on both ſides of a ridge, and where the road is too narrow even to turn the mule; ſo he that ſets out, muſt proceed.

After aſcending a ladder fixed in the ſame pine where *St. Onofre* is ſituated, at an hundred and fifty paces diſtant, is the fifth hermitage of the Penitent *Madalena*;

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it ſtands between two lofty pines, and on ſome elevated rocks, and commands a beautiful view, towards noon-day, to the Eaſt and Weſt; and near to it, in a more elevated pine, ſtands its chapel, from whence you look down (dreadful to behold) a rugged precipice and ſteep hills, upon the convent at two miles diſtance. There are two roads, or rather paſſages, to this cell, both exceedingly difficult; by one you mount up a ladder of at leaſt an hundred ſteps; the other is of ſtone ſteps, and pieces of timber to hold by; that the hermit who dwells there ſays, the whiſtling of the wind in tempeſtuous nights ſounds like the roaring of baited bulls.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

I MUST now lead you up to the higheſt part of the mountain; it is a long way up, not leſs than three thouſand five hundred paces from *St. Madalena*, and over a very rugged and diſagreeable road for the feet, which leads, however, to the cell of *St. Geronimo*; from the two turrets of which, an immenſe ſcene is opened, too much for the head of a *low-lander* to bear; for it not only takes in a view of a great part of the mountain beneath, but of the kingdoms of *Arragon*, *Valencia*, the Mediterranean Sea, and the iſlands; but as it were, one half of the earth's orbit. The fatigue to clamber up to it is very great; but the recompenſe is ample. This hermitage looks down upon a wood above a league in circumference, in which formerly ſome hermits dwelt; but at preſent it is ſtocked with cattle belonging to the convent,

vent, who have a fountain of good water therein. Near this hermitage, in a place they call *Poza*, the ſnow is preſerved for the uſe of the *Religieux*. The inhabitant either was not within, or would not be diſturbed; ſo that after feaſting my eyes on all ſides, my conductor led me on eaſtward to the ſeventh hermitage, called *St. Antonio*, the father of the Anchorites; it ſtands under one of the higheſt PINES, and the acceſs to it is ſo difficult and dangerous, that very few ſtrangers viſit it;—a circumſtance which whetted my curioſity; ſo, like the boy after a bird's-neſt, I *riſqued it*, eſpecially as I was pretty ſure I ſhould *take the old bird ſitting*. This hermit had formerly been in the ſervice; and though he had made great interceſſion to the Holy Virgin and ſaints in heaven, as well as much intereſt with men on earth, he was not, I think, quite happy in his exalted ſtation; his turret is ſo ſmall, that it will not contain above two men; the view from it, to the Eaſt and North, is very fine; but

it

it looks down a moſt horrible and dreadful precipice, above one hundred and eighty toiſes perpendicular, and upon the river *Lobregate*. No man, but he whom cuſtom has made familiar to ſuch a tremendous *eye-fall*, can behold this place but with horror and amazement; and I was as glad to leave it, as I was pleaſed to have ſeen it. At about a gun-ſhot diſtance from it riſes the higheſt pine-head of the mountain, called *Caval Hernot*, which is eighty toiſes higher than any other *cone*, and three thouſand three hundred paces from the convent below. Keeping under the ſide of the ſame hill, and along the baſe of the ſame pine-head, you are led to the hermitage of *St. Salvador*, eight hundred paces from *St. Antonio*, which hermitage has two chapels, one of which is hewn out of the heart of the PINE, and conſequently has a natural as well as a beautiful cupola; the acceſs to this cell is very difficult, for the crags project ſo much, that it is neceſſary to clamber over them on all-four; the

the proſpects are very fine to the ſouthward and eaſtward. The inhabitant was from home; but as there was no faſtening to his doors, I examined all his worldly goods, and found that moſt of them were the work of his own ingenious hands. A little diſtant from hence ſtands a wooden croſs, at which the road divides; one path leads to *St. Benito*, the other to the *Holy* Trinity. By the archives of the convent, it appears, that in the year 1272, *Francis Bertrando* died at the hermitage of *St. Salvador*, after having ſpent forty-five years in it, admired for his ſanctity and holy life, and that he was ſucceeded therein by *François Durando Mayol*, who dwelt in it twenty-ſeven years.

Deſcending from hence about ſix or ſeven hundred paces, you arrive at the ninth hermitage, *St. Benito*; the ſituation is very pleaſing, the acceſs eaſy, and the proſpects divine. It was founded by an *Abbot*, whoſe intentions were, that it ſhould contain,

within

within a ſmall diſtance, four other cells, in memory of the five wounds made in the body of Chriſt. This hermit has the privilege of making an annual entertainment on a certain day, on which day all the other hermits meet there, and receive the ſacrament from the hands of the mountain vicar; and after divine ſervice, dine together. They meet alſo at this hermitage on the day of each titular ſaint, to ſay maſs, and commune with each other.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

I CANNOT ſay a word to you on any other ſubject, till you have taken a turn with me in the ſhrubberies and gardens of the glorious (ſo they call it) hermitage of *St. Ana.* Coming from *St. Benito,* by a brook which runs down the middle of the mountain, ſix hundred paces diſtant from it, ſtands *St. Ana,* in a ſpacious ſituation, and much larger than any other, and is nearly in the center of them all. The chapel here is ſufficiently large for the whole ſociety to meet in, and accordingly they do ſo on certain feſtivals and holidays, where they confeſs to their mountain vicar, and receive the ſacrament. This habitation is nobly adorned with large trees; the evergreen oak, the cork, the cypreſs, the ſpreading fig-tree, and a variety of others; yet it is nevertheleſs dreadfully expoſed to the

fury of ſome particular winds; and the buildings are ſometimes greatly damaged, and the life of the inhabitant endangered, by the boughs which are torn off and blown about his dwelling. The foot-road from it to the monaſtery is only one thouſand three hundred paces, but it is very rugged and unſafe; the mule-road is above four times as far. It was built in 1498, and is the hermitage where all the pilgrims pay a more than ordinary devotion.

Eight hundred and fifty paces diſtant, on the road which leads to the hermitage of *St. Salvador*, ſtands, in a ſolitary and deep wood, the hermitage of the *Holy Trinity*. Every part of the building is neat, and the ſimplicity of the whole prepares you to expect the ſame ſimplicity of manners from the man who dwells within it: and a venerable man he is; but he ſeemed more diſpoſed to converſe with his neighbours, *Meſſrs. Nature*, than with us. His trees, he knows, never flatter or affront him;

him; and after welcoming us more by his humble looks than civil words, he retired to his long and ſhady walk; a walk, a full gun-ſhot in length, and nothing in nature certainly can be more beautiful; it forms a cloſe arbour, though compoſed of large trees, and terminates in a view of a vaſt range of pines, which are ſo regularly placed ſide by ſide, and which, by the reflection of the ſun on their yellow and well burniſhed ſides, have the appearance of the pipes of an organ a mile in circumference. The Spaniards ſay that the mountain is a block of coarſe jaſper, and theſe *organ pipes*, it muſt be confeſſed, ſeem to confirm it; for they are ſo well poliſhed by the hand of time, that were it not too great a work for man, one would be apt to believe they had been cut by an artiſt.

Five hundred and ſixty paces from the hermitage of the Holy Trinity, ſtands *St. Cruz*; it is built under the foot of one of the ſmaller pines; this is the neareſt cell

of any to the convent, and conſequently oftenеſt viſited, being only ſix hundred and ſixty ſteps from the bottom of the mountain.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

I AM now come to *St. Dimas*, the laſt, and moſt important, if not the moſt beautiful of all the hermits' habitations. This hermitage is ſurrounded on all ſides by ſteep and dreadful precipices, ſome of which lead the eyes ſtraight down, even to the river *Lobregate*; it can be entered only on the eaſt ſide by a draw-bridge, which, when lifted up, renders any acceſs to it almoſt impoſſible. This hermitage was formerly a ſtrong caſtle, and poſſeſſed by a *banditti*, who frequently plundered and ravaged the country in the day-time, and ſecured themſelves from puniſhment, by retiring to this faſt hold by night. As it ſtands, or rather hangs over the buildings and convent below, they would frequently lower baſkets by cords, and demand proviſions, wine, or whatever neceſſaries or luxuries the convent afforded; and if their

demands were not inſtantly complied with, they tumbled down rocks of an immenſe ſize, which frequently damaged the buildings, and killed the people beneath: indeed, it was always in their power to deſtroy the whole building, and ſuffer none to live there; but that would have been depriving themſelves of one ſafe means of ſubſiſtence:—at length the monks, by the aſſiſtance of good glaſſes, and a conſtant attention to the motion of their troubleſome *boarders*, having obſerved that the greater part were gone out upon the *marauding* party, perſuaded ſeven or eight ſtout farmers to believe, that heaven would reward them if they could ſcale the horrid precipices, and by ſurpriſe ſeize the caſtle, and ſecure the few who remained in it;—and theſe brave men accordingly got into it unobſerved, killed one of the men, and ſecured the others for a public example. The caſtle was then demoliſhed, and a hermitage called *St. Dimas*, or the Good Thief, built upon the ſpot. The views

from

from it are very extenſive and noble to the ſouth and eaſtward.

And now, Sir, having conducted you to make a ſhort viſit to each of theſe wonderful, though little abodes, I muſt aſſure you, that a man well verſed in *author craft* might write thirteen little volumes upon ſubjects ſo very ſingular. But as no written account can give a perfect idea of the particular beauties of any mountain, and more eſpecially of one ſo unlike all others, I ſhall quit nature, and conduct you to the works of art, and treaſures of value, which are within the walls of the holy ſanctuary below; only obſerving, what I omitted to mention, that the great rains which have fallen ſince the creation of all things, down the ſides of this ſteep mount, have made round the whole baſe a prodigious wide and deep trench, which has the appearance of a vaſt river courſe drained of its water. In this deep trench lie an infinite number of huge blocks of the mountain, which

have

have from age to age caved down from its ſides, and which renders the *tout au tour* of the mountain below full as extraordinary as the pointed pinacles above; beſide this, there are many little receſſes on the ſides of the hill below, ſo adorned by ſtately trees and natural fountains, that I know not which part of the enchanted ſpot is moſt beautiful. I found in one of theſe places a little garden, fenced in by the fallen rocks, a ſpring of ſo clear and cool a water, and the whole ſo ſhaded by oaks, ſo warmed by the ſun, and ſo ſuperlatively romantic, that I was determined to find out the owner of it, and have ſet about building a houſe or a hut to the garden, and to have made it my abode; but, alas! upon enquiry, I found the well was a holy one, and that the water, the pureſt and fineſt I ever ſaw or taſted, could only be uſed for holy purpoſes. And here let me obſerve, that the generality of ſtrangers who viſit this mountain, come prepared only to ſtay one day;—but it is not a day,

nor

nor a week, that is ſufficient to ſee half the ſmaller beauties which a mountain, ſo great and wonderful of itſelf, affords on all ſides, from the higheſt pinacle above, to the foundation ſtones beneath.

But I ſhould have told you, that there are other roads to ſome of the hermitages above, which, by twiſting and turning from ſide to ſide, are every week clambered up by a blind mule, who, being loaded with thirteen baſkets containing the proviſion for the hermits, goes up without any conductor, and taking the hermitages in their proper order, goes as near as he can to each, and waits till the hermit has taken his portion; and proceeds till he has diſcharged his load, and his truſt, and then returns to his ſtable below. I did not ſee this animal on the road, but I ſaw ſome of his *offerings there*, and you may rely upon the truth of what I tell you.

Before

Before I quit the hermits, however, I muſt tell you, that the hardſhips and fatigues which ſome of them voluntarily inflict upon themſelves, is almoſt incredible: they cannot, like the monks in *Ruſſia*, ſit in water to their chins till they are froze up, but they undergo ſome penances almoſt as ſevere,

LETTER XXVI.

PERE PASCAL having invited me to high maſs, and to hear a Spaniſh ſermon preached by one of their beſt orators, we attended; and though I did not underſtand the language ſufficiently to know all I heard, I underſtood enough to be entertained, if not edified. The decency of of the whole congregation too, was truly characteriſtic of their profeſſion. There ſat juſt before us a number of lay-brothers, bare-headed, with their eyes fixed the whole time upon the ground; and though they knew we were ſtrangers, and probably as ſingular in their eyes as they could be in ours, I never perceived one of them, either at or after the ſervice was over, to look, or even glance an eye at us. The chapel, or church of this convent, is a very noble building; and high over the great altar is fixed the image of the Virgin, which

which was found eight hundred years ago in a deep cave on the ſide of the mountain: they ſay the figure is the work of St. Luke; if that be true, St. Luke was a better carver than a painter, for this figure is the work of no contemptible artiſt; it is of wood, and of a dark-brown or rather black colour, about the ſize of a girl of twelve years of age; her garments are very coſtly, and ſhe had on a crown richly adorned with *real* jewels of great value; and I believe, except our Lady of *Loretto*, the paraphernalia of her perſon is ſuperior to all the ſaints or crowned heads in Europe. She holds on her knees a little Jeſus, of the ſame complexion, and the work of the ſame artiſt. The high altar is a moſt magnificent and coſtly ſtructure, and there conſtantly burns before it upwards of fourſcore large ſilver lamps. The baluſtrades before the altar were given by King Philip the Third, and coſt ſeven thouſand crowns; and it coſt fourteen thouſand more to cut away the rock to lay the foundation

of

this new church, the old one being ſo ſmall, and often ſo crowded by pilgrims and ſtrangers, that many of the monks loſt their lives in it every year. The whole expence of building the new one, excluſive of the inward ornaments, is computed at a million of crowns; and the ſeats of the choir, ſix and thirty thouſand livres. The old church has nothing very remarkable in it but ſome good ancient monuments, one of which is of *Bernard Villomarin*, Admiral of Naples; a man (as the inſcription ſays) illuſtrious in peace and war. There is another of *Don John d'Arragon*, *Dux Lunæ*, who died in 1528; he was nephew to King Ferdinand. But the moſt ſingular inſcription in this old church is one engraven on a pillar, under which *St. Ignatius* ſpent a whole night in prayer before he took the reſolution of renouncing the world, which was in the year 1522.

After maſs was over, we were ſhewn into a chamber behind the high altar, where

where a door opened to the receſs, in which the Virgin is placed, and where we were permitted, or rather required to kiſs her hand. At the ſame time, I perceived a great many pilgrims entering the apartments, whoſe penitential faces plainly diſcovered the reverence and devotion with which they approached her ſacred preſence. When we returned, we were preſented to the Prior; a lively, genteel man, of good addreſs; who, with *Pere Tender*, the Frenchman, ſhewed us an infinite quantity of jewels, veſſels of gold and ſilver, garments, &c. which have been preſented by Kings, Queens, and Emperors, to the convent, for the purpoſe of arraying this miraculous image. I begin to ſuſpect that you will think I am become half a Catholic;—indeed, I begin to think ſo myſelf; and if ever I publicly renounce that faith which I now hold, it ſhall be done in a pilgrimage to *Montſerrat*; for I do not ſee why God, who delights ſo much in variety, as all his mighty works teſtify; who has

has not made two green leaves of the ſame tint,—may not, nay, ought not to be worſhipped by men of different nations, in variety of forms. I ſee no abſurdity in a ſet of men meeting as the Quakers do, and ſetting in ſilent contemplation, reflecting on the errors of their paſt life, and reſolving to amend in future. I think an honeſt, good Quaker, as reſpectable a being as an Archbiſhop; and a monk, or a hermit, who think they merit heaven by the ſacrifice they make for it, will certainly obtain it: and as I am perſuaded the men of this ſociety think ſo, I highly honour and reſpect them: I am ſure I feel myſelf much obliged to them. They have a good library, but it is in great diſorder; nor do I believe they are men of much reading; indeed, they are ſo employed in confeſſing the pilgrims and poor, that they cannot have much time for ſtudy.

I forgot to tell you, that at *Narbonne* I had been accoſted by a young genteel

couple, a male and female, who were upon a *pilgrimage*; they were dreſſed rather neat than fine, and their garments were adorned with cockle and other marine ſhells; ſuch, indeed, all the poorer ſort of pilgrims are characteriſed with. They preſented a tin box to me, with much addreſs, but ſaid nothing, nor did I give them any thing; indeed, I did not *then* know, very well, for what purpoſe or uſe the charity they claimed was to be applied. This young couple were among the ſtrangers who were now approaching the ſacred image. I was very deſirous of knowing their ſtory, who they were, and what ſins people ſo young, and who looked ſo good, had been guilty of, to think it neceſſary to come ſo far for abſolution. *Their ſins on the road*, I could be at no loſs to gueſs at; and as they were ſuch as people who love one another are very apt to commit, I hope and believe, they will obtain forgiveneſs of them.—— They were either people of ſome condi-

tion,

tion, or very accompliſhed *Chevaliers d'Induſtrie*; though I am moſt inclined to believe, they were *brother and ſiſter*, of ſome condition.

After viſiting the Holy Virgin, I paid my reſpects to the ſeveral monks in their own apartments, under the conduct of *Pere Paſcal*, and was greatly entertained.——I found them excellently lodged; their apartments had no finery, but every uſeful convenience; and ſeveral good harpſichords, as well as good performers, beſide an excellent organiſt. The Prior, in particular, has ſo much addreſs of the polite world about him, that he muſt have lived in it, before he made a vow to retire from it.

I never ſaw a more ſtriking inſtance of national influence than in the perſon of *Pere Tendre*, the Fleming!—In ſpite of his holy life, and living among Spaniards of the utmoſt gravity of manners, I could

have known him at firſt ſight to have been a Frenchman. I never ſaw, even upon the *Boulevards* at Paris, a more lively, animated, or chearful face.

Indeed, one muſt believe, that theſe men are as good as they appear to be; for they have reaſon enough to believe, that every hour may be their laſt, as there hangs over their whole building ſuch a terrifying maſs of rock and pine heads, ſo ſplit and divided, that it is difficult to perceive by what powers they are ſuſtained: many have given way, and have no other ſupport than the baſe they have made by ſlipping in part down, among the ſmaller rocks and broken fragments. About an hundred years ago, one vaſt block fell from above, and buried under the hoſpital, and all the ſick and their attendants; and where it ſtill remains, a dreadful monument, and memento, to all who dwell near it!—— I ſhould fear (God avert the day!) that the

the ſmalleſt degree of an earthquake would bury all the convent, monks, and treaſure, by one fatal *coup*.

LETTER XXVII.

BEFORE I bring forth the treaſures of this hoſpitable convent, and the jewels of *Neuſtra Senora*, it may be neceſſary to tell you, that they could not be ſo liberal, were not others liberal to them; and that they have permiſſion to aſk charity from every church, city, and town, in the kingdoms of France and Spain, and have always lay-brothers out, gathering money and other donations. They who feed all who come, muſt, of courſe, be fed themſelves; nor has any religious houſe in Europe (*Loretto* excepted) been more highly honoured by Emperors, Kings, Popes, and Prelates, than this: nay, they have ſeemed to vie with each other, in beſtowing rich and coſtly garments, jewels of immenſe value, and gold and ſilver of exquiſite workmanſhip, to adorn the perſon of *Neuſtra Senora*; as the following liſt, though not a quarter

a quarter of her *paraphernalia*, will evince: but before I particularize them, it may be proper to mention, the ſolemn manner in which the Virgin was moved from the old to the new church, by the hands of King Philip the Third, who repaired there for that purpoſe as privately as poſſible, to prevent the prodigious concourſe of people who would have attended him had it been generally known. He ſtaid at the convent four days, in which time he viſited all the hermitages above, in one; but returned, greatly fatigued, and not till ten o'clock at night. After reſting himſelf the next day, he heard maſs, and being confeſſed, aſſiſted at the ſolemnity of tranſlating the Virgin, in the following manner:—After all the monks, hermits, and lay-brothers had heard maſs, and been confeſſed, the Virgin was brought down and placed upon the altar in the old church, and with great ceremony, reverence, and awe, they cloathed her in a rich gold mantle, the gift of the Duke of *Branzvick*, the ſleeves of which were ſo

coſtly, that they were valued at eighteen thouſand ducats. The Abbots, monks, hermits, &c. who were preſent, wore cloaks of rich gold brocade, and in the proceſſion ſung the hymn *Te Deum Laudamus*; one of whom bore a gold croſs, of exquiſite workmanſhip, which weighed fifty marks, and which was ſet with coſtly jewels. The proceſſion conſiſted of forty-three lay-brothers, fifteen hermits, and ſixty-two monks, all bearing wax tapers; then followed the young ſcholars, and a band of muſic, as well as an infinite number of people who came from all parts of the kingdom to attend the ſolemnity; for it was impoſſible to keep an act of ſo extraordinary a nature very private. When the Virgin was brought into the new church, ſhe was placed on a tabernacle by four of the moſt ancient monks; the King held alſo a large lighted taper, on which his banner and arms were emblazoned, and being followed by the nobles and cavaliers of his court, joined in the proceſſion; and having

having placed themſelves in proper order in the great cloyſter of the church, the monks ſung a hymn, addreſſed to the Virgin, accompanied by a noble band of muſic: this being over, the King taking the Virgin in his arms, placed her on the great altar; and having ſo done, took his wax taper, and falling on his knees at her feet, offered up his prayers near a quarter of an hour: this ceremony being over, the monks advanced to the altar, and moved the Virgin into a receſs in the middle of it, where it now ſtands: after which, the Abbot, having given his pontifical benediction, the King retired to repoſe himſelf for a quarter of an hour, and then ſet off for *Martorell*, where he ſlept, and the next day made his entry into *Barcelona*.

Among an infinite number of coſtly materials which adorn this beautiful church, is a moſt noble organ, which has near twelve hundred pipes. In the *Cuſtodium*, you are ſhewn three crowns for the head of

of the Infant Jeſus, two of which are of pure gold, the third of ſilver, gilt, and richly adorned with diamonds; one of the gold crowns is ſet with two hundred and thirty emeralds, and nineteen large brilliants; the other has two hundred and thirty-eight diamonds, an hundred and thirty pearls, and ſixteen rubies; it coſt eighteen thouſand ducats.

There are four crowns alſo for the head of the Virgin; two of plated gold, richly ſet with diamonds, two of ſolid gold; one of which has two thouſand five hundred large emeralds in it, and is valued at fifty thouſand ducats; the fourth, and richeſt, is ſet with one thouſand one hundred and twenty-four diamonds, five of which number are valued at five hundred ducats each; eighteen hundred large pearls, of equal ſize; thirty-eight large emeralds, twenty-one zaphirs, and five rubies; and at the top of this crown is a gold ſhip, adorned with diamonds of eighteen thouſand dollars value.

lue. The gold alone of theſe crowns weighs twenty-five pounds, and, with the jewels and ſetting, upwards of fifty. Theſe crowns have been made at *Montſerrat*, from the gold and ſeparate jewels preſented to the convent from time to time by the crowned heads and princes of Europe. There is alſo another ſmall crown, given by the Marquis de *Aytona*, ſet with ſixty-ſix brilliants.

The Infanta gave four ſilver candleſticks, which coſt two thouſand four hundred ducats.

Ann of Auſtria, daughter to Philip the third, gave a garment for the Virgin, which coſt a thouſand ducats.

There are thirty chalices of gilt plate, and one of ſolid gold, which coſt five thouſand ducats.

Prince Charles of Auſtria, with his conſort Chriſtiana of Brunſwick, viſited *Montſerrat*

ſerrat in the year 1706, and having kiſſed the Virgin's hand, left at her feet his gold-hilted ſword, ſet with ſeventy-nine large brilliants. This ſword was given the Emperor by Anne, Queen of England.

In the church are ſix ſilver candleſticks, nine palms high, made to hold wax flambeaux. There are diamonds and jewels, given by the Counteſs de Arranda, Count Alba, Ducheſs of Medina, and forty other people of high rank, from the different courts of Europe, to the value of more than an hundred thouſand ducats.——But were I to recite every particular from the liſt of donations, which my friend, *Pere Paſcal*, gave me, and which now lie before me, with the names of the donors, they would fill a volume inſtead of a letter.

LETTER XXVIII.

I KNOW you will expect to hear ſomething of the Ladies of Spain; but I muſt confeſs I had very little acquaintance among them: when they appear abroad in their coaches, they are dreſſed in the modern French faſhion, but not in the extreme; when they walk out, their head and ſhape is always covered with a black or white veil, richly laced; and, however fine their gowns are, they muſt be covered with a very large black ſilk petticoat; and thus holding the fan in one hand, and hanging their *chapelets* over the wriſt of the other, they walk out, preceded by one or two ſhabby-looking ſervants, called pages, who wear ſwords, and always walk bareheaded.

I have already told you, that the moſt beautiful, indeed the only beautiful woman,

man, I ſaw at *Barcelona*, was the Intendant's daughter; and I aſſure you, her black petticoat and white veil could not conceal it; nor, indeed, is the dreſs an unbecoming one. Among the peaſants, and common females, you never ſee any thing like beauty, and, in general, rather deformity of feature. No wonder then, where beauty is ſcarce, and to be found only among women of condition, that thoſe women are much admired, and that they gain prodigious influence over the men.—In no part of the world, therefore, are women more careſſed and attended to, than in Spain. Their deportment in public is grave and modeſt; yet they are very much addicted to pleaſure; nor is there ſcarce one among them that cannot, nay, that will not dance the *Fandango* in private, either in the decent or the indecent manner. I have ſeen it danced both ways, by a pretty woman, than which nothing can be more *immodeſtly agreeable*; and I was ſhewn a young Lady at *Barcelona*, who in the midſt

midſt of this dance ran out of the room, telling her partner, ſhe could *ſtand it* no longer;—he ran after her, to be ſure, and muſt be anſwerable for the conſequences. I find in the muſic of the *Fandango*, written under one bar, *Salido*, which ſignifies *going out*; it is where the woman is to part a little from her partner, and to move ſlowly by herſelf; and I ſuppoſe it was at *that bar* the lady was ſo overcome, as to determine not to return. The words *Perra Salida* ſhould therefore be placed at that bar, when the ladies dance it in the high *goût*.

The men dreſs as they do in France and England, except only their long cloak, which they do not care to give up. It is ſaid that Frenchmen are wiſer than, from the levity of their behaviour, they ſeem to be; and I fancy the Spaniards look wiſer, from their gravity of countenance, than they really are; they are extremely reſerved, and make no profeſſions of friendſhip till

till they feel it, and know the man, and then they are friendly in the higheſt degree.

I met with a German merchant at *Barcelona*, who told me he had dealt for goods to the value of five thouſand pounds a year with a Spaniard in that town; and though he had been often at *Barcelona* before, that he had never invited him to dine or eat with him, till that day.

The farrier who comes to ſhoe your horſe has ſometimes a ſword by his ſide; and the barber who ſhaves you croſſes himſelf before he *croſſes your chin*.

There is a particular part of the town where the ladies of eaſy virtue live; and if a friend calls at the apartment of one of thoſe females, who happens to *be engaged*, one of her neighbours tells you, ſhe is *amancebados y caſarſe a mediacarta*; *i. e.* that ſhe is half-married.——If you meet a Spaniſh woman of any faſhion, walking alone

alone without the town, you may join her, and enter into whatever *ſort of converſation* you chuſe, without offence; and if you paſs one without doing ſo, ſhe will call you *ajacaos*, and contemn you: this is a cuſtom ſo eſtabliſhed at Madrid, that if a footman meets a lady of quality alone, he will enter into ſome indecent converſation with her; for which reaſon, the ladies ſeldom walk but with their huſbands, or a male friend, by their ſide, and a foot-boy before, and then no man durſt ſpeak, or even look towards them, but with reſpect and awe:—a blow in Spain can never be forgiven; the ſtriker muſt die, either *privately* or publicly.

No people on earth are leſs given to exceſs in eating or drinking, than the Spaniards; the *Olio*, or *Olla*, a kind of ſoup and *Bouilli*, is all that is to be found at the table of ſome great men: the table of a *Bourgeois* of Paris is better ſerved than many *grandees* of Spain; their chocolate, lemonade,

ade, iced water, fruits, &c. are their chief luxuries; and the chocolate is, in ſome houſes, a prodigious annual expence, as it is offered to every body who comes in, and ſome of the firſt houſes in Madrid expend twenty thouſand *livres* a year in chocolate, iced waters, &c. The grandees of Spain think it beneath their dignity to look into accounts, and therefore leave the management of their houſhold expences to ſervants, who often plunder and defraud them of great ſums of money.

Unlike the French, the Spaniards (like the Engliſh) very properly look upon able phyſicians and ſurgeons in a very reſpectable light:——Is it not ſtrange, that the French nation ſhould truſt their health and lives in the hands of men, they are apt to think unworthy of their intimacy or friendſhip?—Men, who muſt have had a liberal education, and who ought not to be truſted in ſickneſs, if their ſociety was not to be coveted in health. Perhaps the

Spaniſh

Spaniſh phyſician, who of all others have the leaſt pretenſions, are the moſt careſſed. In fevers they encourage their patients to eat, thinking it neceſſary, where the air is ſo ſubtle, to put ſomething into the body for the diſtemper to feed upon; they bleed often, and in both arms, that the blood may be drawn forth *equally*; the ſurgeons do not bleed, but a ſet of men called *ſangerros* perform that office, and no other; the ſurgeons conſider it diſhonourable to perform that operation. They ſeldom trepan; a ſurgeon who attempted to perform it, would himſelf be perhaps in want of it. To all fleſh wounds they apply a powder called *coloradilla*, which certainly effects the cure; it is made of myrrh, maſtic, dragon's blood, bol ammoniac, &c. When a perſon of faſhion is bled, their friends ſend them, as ſoon as it is known, little preſents to amuſe them all that day; for which reaſon, the women of eaſy virtue are often bled, that their lovers may ſhew their attention, and be *bled too*.——

R The

The French diſeaſe is ſo ignorantly treated, or ſo little regarded, that it is very general; they conſider a *gonorrhœa* as health to the reins; and, except a tertian ague, all diſorders are called the *calentura*, and treated alike, and I fear very injudiciouſly; for there is not, I am told, in the whole kingdom, any public academy for the inſtruction of young men in phyſic, ſurgery, or anatomy, except at Madrid.

Notwithſtanding the ſobriety, temperance, and fine climate of Spain, the Spaniards do not, in general, live to any great age; they put a prodigious quantity of ſpice into every thing they eat; and though ſobriety and temperance are very commendable, there are countries where eating and drinking are carried to a great exceſs, by men much more virtuous than in thoſe, where temperance, perhaps, is their principal virtue.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

I FORGOT to tell you that, though I left the Convent, I had no desire to leave the spot where I had met with so cordial a reception; nor a mountain, every part of which afforded so many scenes of wonder and delight. I therefore hired two rooms at a wretched *posada*, near the two ancient towers below, and where I had left my horse, that I might make my daily excursions on and about the mountain, as well as visit those little solitary habitations above once more. My host, his wife, and their son and daughter, looked rather cool upon us; they liked our money better than our company; and though I made their young child some little presents, it scarce afforded any return, but prevented rudeness, perhaps. The boys of the village, though I distributed a little money every day to the poor, frequently pelted

me with ſtones, when they gained the high ground of me; and I found it neceſſary, when I walked out, to take my fuzee. I would have made a friend of the prieſt, if I could have found him, but he never appeared!—It was a poor village, and you may eaſily conceive our reſidence in ſuch a little place, where no ſtranger ever ſtaid above an hour, occaſioned much ſpeculation. My ſervant too (a French deſerter) had neither the politeneſs nor the addreſs ſo common to his countrymen; but I knew I was *within a few hours* of honeſt *Pere Paſcal*; and while the hog, mule, and aſs of my hoſt continued well, I flattered myſelf I was not in much danger; had either of thoſe animals been ill, I ſhould have taken my leave; for if a ſuſpicion had aroſe that an heretic was under their roof, they would have been at no loſs to account for the cauſe, or the calamity which had, or might befall them.——During my reſidence at this little *poſada*, I ſaw a gaudy-dreſſed, little, ugly old man, and a handſome

ſome young woman, approach it; the man ſmiled in my face, which was the only ſmile I had ſeen in the face of a ſtranger for a fortnight; he told me, what he need not, that he was a Frenchman, and a noble Advocate of *Perpignan*; that his name was *Anglois*, and that his anceſtors were Engliſh; that he had walked on foot, with his maid, from *Barcelona*, in order to pay his devotions to the Holy Virgin of *Montſerrat*, though he had his own chaiſe and mules at *Barcelona*: he ſeemed much fatigued, ſo I gave him ſome chocolate, for he was determined, he ſaid, to get up to the convent that night. During this interview, he embraced me ſeveral times, profeſſed a moſt affectionate regard for me and my whole family; and I felt enough for him, to deſire he would fix the day of his return, that I might not be out upon my rambles, and that he would dine and ſpend the evening with me; in which caſe, I would ſend him back to *Barcelona* in my *cabriolet*; all which he chearfully conſented

to; and having lent him my *couteau de chaſſe*, as a more convenient weapon on aſs-back than his fine ſword, we parted, reluctantly, for five days; that was the time this *noble Advocate* had allotted for making his peace with the Holy Virgin;—I ſay, his peace with the Holy Virgin; for he was very deſirous of leaving *his* virgin with us, as ſhe was an excellent cook, and a moſt faithful and truſty ſervant, both which he perceived we wanted; yet, in ſpite of his encomiums, there was nothing in the behaviour of the girl that correſponded with ſuch an amiable character: ſhe had, indeed, a beautiful face, but ſtrongly marked with ſomething, more like impudence than boldneſs, and more of that of a pragmatic miſtreſs than an humble ſervant; and therefore we did not accept what, I was very certain, ſhe would not have performed. I impatiently, however, waited their return, and verily believed the old man had bought his crimſon velvet breeches and gold-laced waiſtcoat in honour

nour of the Virgin, and that his viſit to her was a pious one.—He returned to his time, and to a ſad dinner indeed! but it was the beſt we could provide. He had loſt ſo much of that vivacity he went up with, that I began to fear I had loſt his friendſhip, or he the benediction of the Holy Virgin. Indeed, I had loſt it in ſome meaſure, but it was transferred but a little way off; for he took the firſt favourable occaſion to tell my wife, no woman had ever before made ſo forcible an impreſſion upon him, and ſaid a thouſand other fine things, which I cannot repeat, without loſing the eſteem I ſtill have for my countryman; eſpecially as he did not propoſe ſtaying only *one night* with us, nay, that he would depart the next morning *de bon matin*. During the evening, all his former ſpirits returned, as well as his affection for me: he told me, he ſuſpected I wanted money, and if that was the caſe, thoſe wants ſhould be removed; ſo taking out a large parcel of gold *duras*, he offered them,

them, and I am perſuaded too, he would have lent or given them to me. I aroſe early, to ſee that my man and chaiſe were got in good order, to conduct ſo good a friend to *Barcelona*; but not hearing any thing of *Monſieur Anglois*, I directed my ſervant to go into his chamber, to enquire how he did;—my man returned, and ſaid, that *Madame* was awake, but that *Monſieur* ſtill ſleeps. Madame! what Madame? ſaid I!—Is it the young woman who came with him? I then found, what I had a little ſuſpected, that the mountain virgin was not the *only* virgin to whom *Monſieur Anglois* made his vows. He ſoon after, however, came down, drank chocolate with us, and making a thouſand profeſſions of inviolable regard, he ſet off in my chaiſe for *Barcelona*; but, I ſhould have told you, not till he had made me promiſe to viſit him at *Perpignan*, where he had not only a town, but country houſe, at my ſervice.—All theſe profeſſions were made with ſo much openneſs, and ſeeming ſincerity, that

I could

I could not, nor did doubt it; and as I was determined then to leave that unhoſpitable country, and return to France, I gave him my *paſſa-porte*, to get it *refreſhed* by the Captain-General at *Barcelona*, that I might return, and paſs *by* the walls only of a town I can never think of but with ſome degree of pain, and ſhould with horror, but that I now know there is one man lives in it, and did then,* who has lamented that he had not an opportunity to ſhew me thoſe acts of hoſpitality his nature and his ſituation often give him occaſion to exerciſe; but the *etiquette* is, for the ſtranger to viſit firſt; and I found but little encouragement to viſit a German Gentleman, though married to an Engliſh Lady, after the hoſtile manners I had experienced from my *friends* and *countrymen*, Meſſrs. *Curtoys*, *Wombwell*, &c.

* Mr. THALBITZER.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

IN the archives of *Montſerrat* they ſhew you a letter written to the Abbé by King Philip the Second, who begins "venerable and devout *Religieux*," and tells him, he approves of his zeal, of his building a new church at *Montſerrat*, charges him to continue his prayers for him, and, to ſhew his zeal for that holy houſe, informs him, that the bearer of his letter is *Etienne Jordan*, the moſt famous ſculptor then in Spain, who is to make the new altar-piece at the King's expence, and they agreed to pay *Jordan* ten thouſand crowns for the deſign he laid before them: the altar was made at *Valladolid*, and was brought to *Montſerrat* on ſixty-ſix waggons; and as Jordan did much more to the work than he had engaged to perform, the King gave him four thouſand crowns over and above his agreement, and afterwards gave nine thouſand

ſand crowns more, to gild and add further ornaments to it.

At the death of Philip the Second, his ſon, Philip the Third, aſſiſted in perſon to remove the image of the Virgin from the old to the new church; of which I ſhall hereafter mention more fully. Before this noble altar, in which the figure of the Virgin ſtands, in a nitch about the middle of it, are ſix candleſticks of ſolid ſilver, each of which weighs eighty pounds; they are a yard and a half high; and yet theſe are mere trifles, when compared to the gold and jewels which are ſhewn occaſionally.

The monks obſerve very religiouſly their ſtatutes; nor is there a ſingle hour in the day that you find the church evacuated.—I always heard at leaſt two voices chanting the ſervice, when the monks retire from the church, which is not till ſeven o'clock at night; the pilgrims continue there in prayer the greater part of the night.

I ſhould

I ſhould have told you, that beſide the ſuperior among the hermits, there are two ſorts of them, neither of which can poſſeſs a hermitage till they have ſpent ſeven years in the monaſtery, and given proofs of their holy diſpoſition, by acts of obedience, humility, and mortification; during which they ſpend moſt of their time, night as well as day, in the church, but they never ſing or chant. After the expiration of the ſeven years, the Abbot takes the advice of his brethren, and if they think the probationer's manners and life entitle him to a ſolitary life above, he is ſent,—but not, perhaps, without being enjoined to wait upon ſome old hermit, who is paſt doing the neceſſary offices of life for himſelf.—Their habit, as I ſaid before, is brown, and they wear their long beards; but ſometimes the hermits are admitted into holy orders, and then they wear black, and ſhave their beards: however, they are not actually fixed to the lonely habitations at firſt, but

but generally take ſeven or eight months trial. Many of the abbés, whoſe power, you may be ſure, is very great, and who receive an homage from the inferiors, very flattering, have, nevertheleſs, often quitted their power for a retirement above. They obſerve religiouſly their abſtinence from all ſorts of fleſh; nor are they permitted to eat but within their cells. When any of them are very ill, they are brought down to the convent; and all buried in one chapel, called St. Joſeph.

The lay-brothers are about fourſcore in number; they wear a brown habit, and are ſhaved; their duty is to diſtribute bread, wine, and other neceſſaries, to the poor and the pilgrims, and lodge them according to their condition: and many of them are ſent into remote parts of the kingdom, as well as France and other Catholic countries, to collect charity; while thoſe who continue at home aſſiſt in getting in their corn,

corn, and fetching proviſions from the adjacent towns, for which purpoſes they keep a great number, upwards of fifty mules.—Theſe men too have a ſuperior among them, to whom they are all obedient.

There are alſo a number of children and young ſtudents, educated at the convent, who are taken in at the age of ſeven or eight years, many of whom are of noble families; they all ſleep in one apartment, but ſeparate beds, where a lamp conſtantly burns, and their decent deportment is wonderful. Dom Jean de Cardonne, admiral of the galleys, who ſuccoured Malta when it was beſieged by the Turks, was bred at *Montſerrat*, and when he wrote to the Abbé, "Recommend me," he ſaid, "to the prayers of my little brethren."

As I have already told you of the miracle of a murdered and violated virgin coming to life, and of a child of three months old

old ſaying, *Guerin, riſe, thy ſins are forgiven thee*; perhaps you will not like to have further proofs of what miracles are wrought here, or I could give you a long liſt, and unanſwerable arguments to prove them.

Frere Benoît d'Arragon was a hermit on this mountain, whoſe ſanctity of life has made his name immortal in the hermitage of St. Croix. The following ſketch of his life is engraven.

" Occidit hac ſacrâ Frater Benedictus in æde,
" Inclytus & fama, & religione ſacer.
" Hic ſexaginta & ſeptem caſtiſſimus annos,
" Vixit in his ſaxis, te, Deus alme peccans
" Uſque ſenex, ſenio manſit curvatus & annis
" Corpus humo retulit, venerat unde prius
" Aſt anima exultans, clarum repetivit olympum,
" Nunc ſedet in ſummo glorificata throno."

It appears, that Louis the Fourteenth, King of France, gave a certain ſum to this convent, to ſay maſs and pray for the ſoul of his deceaſed mother; the ſum however

was not large, being ſomething under fifty pounds; and the donation is recorded in the chapel of *St. Louis*, upon a braſs lamp.

P. S. The time that this wonderful mountain became the habitation of a religious community, may be pretty nearly aſcertained by the following ſingular epitaph, on a beautiful monument, ſtill legible in the great church of *Tarrogona*.

" *Hic quieſcit Corpus ſanctæ memoriæ Do-*
" *mini Joannis filii Domini Jacobi, Regis*
" *Arrogonum, qui decimo ſeptimo anno æta-*
" *tis ſuæ factus Archiepiſcopus Toletanus, ſic*
" *dono ſcientiæ infuſus Divinitûs & gratia*
" *prædicationis floruit, quod nullus ejuſdem*
" *ætatis in hoc ei ſimilis crederetur. Car-*
" *nem ſuam jejuniis & ciliciis macerans, in*
" *vigeſimo octavo anno ætatis ſuæ factus Pa-*
" *triarcha Alexandrinus & Adminiſtrator*
" *Eccleſiæ Tarraconenſis ordinato per eum in-*
" *ter multa alia bona opera* nova Mona-
" ſterio

" ſterio ſcalæ Dei *Diaceſſis Tarraconenſis,*
" *ut per ipſam ſcalam ad Cœlum aſcenderet*
" *reddidit ſpiritum Creatori* XIV. *kalendas*
" *Septembris, anno domini* MCCCXXXIV.
" *anno verò ætatis ſuæ* XXXIII. *pro quo*
" *deus tam in vita, quam poſt mortem ejuſ-*
" *dem eſt multa miracula operatus.*"

This very young Biſhop was the ſon of James the Second, and his Queen *Dona Blanca*; and that he was Prior of the monaſtery of Montſerrat, appears in their archives; for I find the names of ſeveral hermits of this mountain, that came down to pay homage to him.——*Dederunt obedientiam domino Joanni Patriarchæ Alexandrino, & adminiſtratori prioratus Montis Serrati,* &c.—It is therefore probable, that he was the firſt Prior, and that the convent was built about the year 1300; but that the mountain was inhabited by hermits, or men who retired from the world many ages before, cannot be doubted.

LETTER XXXI.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE had (ſince I mentioned the Spaniſh Ladies in a former letter) an opportunity of ſeeing ſomething more of them; what they may be at *Madrid*, I cannot take upon me to ſay; but I am inclined to believe, that notwithſtanding what you have heard of Spaniſh beauty, that you would find nature has not been over liberal as to the perſons of either ſex in Spain; and though tolerable good features upon a brown complexion, with very black hair finely combed and pinned up with two or three gold bodkins, may be very pleaſing, as a *new object*, yet a great deficiency would appear, were you to ſee the ſame women dreſſed in the high faſhion of England or France. England, for real and natural female beauty, perhaps ſurpaſſes all the

the world; France, for dreſs, elegance, and eaſe. The Spaniſh women are violent in their paſſions, and generally govern every body under their roof; huſbands who contend that point with them, often finiſh their days in the middle of a ſtreet, or in a priſon; on the other hand, I am told, they are very liberal, compaſſionate, and charitable. They have at *Barcelona* a fine theatre, and tolerable good muſic; but the actors of both ſexes are execrable beyond all imagination: their firſt woman, who they ſay is rich, by means of one *talent or other*, (for ſhe, like my little Lyons water-girl, has *two talents*) is as contemptible in her perſon as in her theatrical abilities: it is no wonder, indeed; for theſe people are often taken from ſome of thoſe gipſey troops, I mentioned in a former letter, and have, conſequently, no other qualifications for the ſtage but impudence inſtead of confidence, and ignorance inſtead of a liberal education. Perhaps you will conclude, that the theatre at *Madrid* affords much

better entertainment; on the contrary, am well aſſured it is in general much worſe: a Gentleman who underſtands the language perfectly, and who went to *Madrid* with no other view but to gratify his curioſity, in ſeeing what was worthy of notice there, went only once to the theatre, where the heat of the houſe, and the wretchedneſs of the performance, were equally intolerable; nor are the ſubjects very inviting to a ſtranger, as they often perform what they call "*Autos Sacramentales*,"—*ſacramental repreſentations*. The people of faſhion, in general, have no idea of ſerving their tables with elegance, or eating delicately; but rather, in the ſtile of our fore-fathers, without ſpoon or fork, they uſe their own fingers, and give drink from the glaſs of others; foul their napkins and cloaths exceedingly, and are ſerved at table by ſervants who are dirty, and often very offenſive. I was admitted, by accident, to a Gentleman's houſe, of large fortune, while they were at dinner; there were ſeven perſons

ſons at a round table, too ſmall for five; two of the company were viſitors; yet neither their dinner was ſo good, nor their manner of eating it ſo delicate, as may be ſeen in the kitchen of a London tradeſman. The deſert (in a country where fruit is ſo fine and ſo plenty) was only a large diſh of the ſeeds of *pomegranates*, which they eat with wine and ſugar. In truth, Sir, an Engliſhman who has been in the leaſt accuſtomed to eat at genteel tables, is, of all other men, leaſt qualified to travel into other kingdoms, and particularly into Spain; eſpecially, if what Swift ſays be true, that "a nice man is a man of dirty ideas."—I know not the reaſon, whether it proceeds from climate, or food, or from the neglect of the poorer order of the people; but *head combing* ſeems to be a principal part of the day's buſineſs among the women in Spain, and it is generally done rather publicly.—The moſt lively, chearful, neat young woman, I ſaw in Spain, lived in the ſame houſe I did at *Barcelona*; ſhe had a good

 complexion,

complexion, and, what is very uncommon, rather light hair; and though perfectly clean and neat in her apparel, yet I obſerved a woman, not belonging to the houſe, attended every morning to comb this girl's head, and I believe it was *neceſſary* to be combed. I could not very well aſk the queſtion; but I ſuſpect that there are people by profeſſion called *head combers*; every ſhop door almoſt furniſhes you with a ſpecimen of that buſineſs; and if it is ſo common in *Barcelona*, among a rich and induſtrious people, you may imagine, it is infinitely more ſo among the ſlothful part of the inland cities and ſmaller towns;—but this is not the only objection a ſtranger (and eſpecially an Engliſh Proteſtant) will find to Spain; the common people do not look upon an Engliſhman as a Chriſtian; and the life of a man, not a Chriſtian, is of no more importance in their eyes than the life of a dog: it is not therefore ſafe for a proteſtant to truſt himſelf far from the maritime cities, as an hundred unforeſeen

ſeen incidents may ariſe, among people ſo ignorant and ſuperſtitious, to render it very unſafe to a man known to be a Proteſtant. If it be aſked, how the Conſuls, Engliſh merchants, &c. eſcape?—I can give no other reaſon than what a Spaniard gave me, when I put that queſtion to him:—"Sir, ſaid he, "we have men here, (meaning "Barcelona) who are Proteſtants all day, "and Papiſts all night; and we have a "chapel where they go, into which no "other people are admitted." However, I was convinced, before I went into Spain this time, from what I remembered formerly, that it was neceſſary to appear a good Catholic; that I always carried a little crucifix, or two, ſome beads, and other *accidental* marks of my faith; and where I ſtaid any time, or, indeed, where I ſlept upon the road, I took occaſion to let ſome of thoſe *powerful protectors* be ſeen, as it were, by chance;—it is very neceſſary to avail one's ſelf of ſuch innocent frauds, in a country where innocence itſelf may not

not be ſufficient to ſhield you from the fury of religious bigotry, where people think they are ſerving God, by deſtroying men: The beſt method to ſave yourſelf, is by ſerving God in the ſame manner they do, till you are out of their power. I really thought, that Philoſophy and Reaſon entered into Spain at the ſame gates; that the Jeſuits were turned out of the kingdom; and, I ſuppoſe, ſome did; but it muſt be many years before it is ſufficiently diffuſed over the whole nation, to render it a country like France; where men, who behave with decency and decorum, may live, or paſs through, without the leaſt apprehenſion or inconvenience on the ſcore of religion; if they do not meddle with politics or fortifications.

That you may not imagine my ſuſpicions of the danger of paſſing thro' Spain are ill founded, I will relate what happened to two Engliſh Gentlemen of faſhion at *Marcia*, as I had it from the mouth of one of

of them lately:—They had procured letters of recommendation from ſome friends to the *Alguazile*, or chief magiſtrate of that town; and as there were ſome unfavourable appearances at their firſt entering *Marcia*, and more ſo at their *poſada*, they thought it right to ſend their letters directly to the *Alguazile*; who, inſtead of aſking them to his houſe, or viſiting them, ſent a ſervant to ſay he was ill, and who was directed to invite them to go that night to the comedy: they thought it right, however, to accept the invitation, extraordinary as it was: the *Alguazile*'s ſervant conducted them to the theatre, and paid (for he was directed ſo to do, he ſaid) for their admittance; and having conducted his ſtrangers into the pit, he retired. The comedy was then begun; but, nevertheleſs, the eyes of the whole houſe were turned upon them, and their's, to their great aſtoniſhment, upon the *ſick Alguazile* with his whole family. Thoſe near whom they at firſt ſtood, retired to ſome diſtance:

diſtance: they could not, he ſaid, conſider the manner in which they were looked at, and retired from, but to ariſe from diſguſt or diſlike, more than from curioſity. This reception, and the manner in which they had been ſent there, deprived them of all the amuſement the houſe afforded; for though the performers had no great excellence, there was, among the female part of the audience, more beauty than they expected. Mr. B——, one of the Gentlemen, at length diſcovered near him in the pit a man whom he knew to be an Iriſhman, and in whoſe countenance he plainly perceived a deſire to ſpeak, but ſeemed withheld by prudence. At length, however, he was got near enough to his countryman to hear him ſay, without appearing to addreſs himſelf to any body, "*Go hence! go hence!*" They did ſo; and the next morning, tho' it was a fine town, which they wiſhed to examine, and to ſpend ſome time in, ſet off early for *Carthagena*, where they had ſome particular friends, to whom they related

lated the *Alguazile*'s very extraordinary behaviour, as well as that of the company at the theatre. It was near the time of the Carnival at *Carthagena:* the conduct of *Don Marco* to the two gentlemen ſtrangers, became the ſubject of converſation, and indeed of indignation, among the Spaniards of that civilized city; and the *Alguazile*, who came to the Carnival there ſoon after, died by the hands of an aſſaſſin; he was ſtabbed by a maſk in the night. Now ſuppoſe this man loſt his life at *Carthagena*, for his ill behaviour to the two ſtrangers at *Marcia*, or for any other cauſe, it is very certain, if natives are ſo liable to aſſaſſination, ſtrangers are not more ſecure.

P. S. To give you ſome idea of the addreſs of the pulpit oratory in Spain, about ſixty or ſeventy years ago, (and it is not in general much better at preſent) take the following ſpecimen, which I aſſure you, is ſtrictly true:——

A preacher

A preacher holding forth in the place called *Las* Mancanas at Madrid, after informing his auditors of the ſufferings of Jeſus Chriſt, added,—and is it not ſtrange, that we ſtill continue to ſin on, and live without repentance? O Lord God! ſaid he, why ſuffereſt thou ſuch ungrateful and wretched ſinners to live?—And inſtantly giving himſelf a violent box on the ear, the whole aſſembly followed his example, and four thouſand *ſoufflets* were given and received in the twinkling of an eye.—The French Embaſſador, from whoſe *memoires* I take this ſtory, was upon that inſtant burſting out in laughter at the pious ceremony, had he not been checked by one of his friends, who happened to ſtand near, and who aſſured him, that his rank and character would not have ſaved him, had he been ſo indiſcreet, for the enraged populace would have cut him in a thouſand pieces; whereupon he hid his face in his handkerchief, and boxed his own ears more for the love of himſelf than from gratitude to his Redeemer.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

THERE are in Spain twelve councils of ſtate, viz. of *War*, of *Caſtile*, of the *Inquiſition*, of the royal orders of *St. Iago*, of *Arragon*, of the *Indies*, of the chamber of *Caſtile*, of the *Croiſade*, of the *State*, of *Italy*, of the *Finances and Treaſure*, and laſtly, that (of no uſe) of *Flanders*.

The council of *War* is compoſed of experienced men of various orders, who are thought capable of adviſing upon that ſubject, and not of any determinate number.

That of *Caſtile* has a preſident and ſixteen other members, beſide a ſecretary and inferior officers; it is the firſt of all the councils, and takes cognizance of civil as well as criminal matters. The King calls this council only OUR council, to mark its ſuperiority to all others. The preſident is a man

a man of great authority, and is treated with the utmoſt reſpect; nor does he ever viſit any body.

The council of the *Inquiſition*, eſtabliſhed by *Don Fernando* in 1483, has an inquiſitor general for its preſident, who is always a *Grandée* of the firſt condition; he has ſix counſellors, who are called apoſtolic inquiſitors. This court, (the power of which has, fortunately for mankind, been of late years greatly abridged) has a great number of inferior officers, as well as *holy ſpies*, all over the kingdom, particularly at *Seville*, *Toledo*, *Valladolid*, *Barcelona*, and other places, where theſe horrid tribunals are fixed; each is governed by three counſellors, who, however, are dependant on that of Madrid; and to whom they are obliged every month to give a particular account of what has paſſed through their hands. Theſe men have not power to impriſon a prieſt, a religious, nor even a gentleman, without obtaining the conſent of

of the ſupreme court above; they meet at *Madrid* twice every day, and two of the King's council always attend at the afternoon meeting.

Of the council of the three royal orders of Spain, that of *Santiago* is the firſt; the other two are *Calatrava* and *Alcantara*. It is compoſed of a preſident, ſix counſellors, and other officers.

The preſident of the council of *Arragon* is called the vice chancellor, who is aſſiſted by nine counſellors, and inferior officers. This council attend to the public ſtate of the kingdom of *Arragon*, as well as to the iſlands of *Majorca*, *Ivica*, &c.

The council of the *Indies* was eſtabliſhed in 1511, for the conſervation and augmentation of the new kingdoms diſcovered by *Columbus* in South America, in 1492; and where the Spaniards have at this time four thouſand nine hundred leagues of land, including

including *Mexico* and *Peru*; land divided into many kingdoms and provinces, in which they had built, in the year 1670, upwards of eight thouſand churches, and more than a thouſand convents. They have there a patriarch, ſix arch-biſhops, and thirty-two biſhops, and three tribunals of the inquiſition. This council is compoſed of a preſident, a grand chancellor, and twelve counſellors, a treaſurer, ſecretary, advocates, agents, and an infinite number of inferior officers. They meet twice a week, to regulate all the affairs, both by land and ſea, relative to that part of the King's dominions.

The council of the *Croiſade* is compoſed of a preſident, who is called the commiſſary general, and who has great privileges. The clergy are obliged to pay ſomething annually to it; and if any one finds a purſe of money in the ſtreets, they are obliged to deliver it to the ſecretary of this council.

The

The council of *State* is compoſed of men of the firſt birth and underſtanding about the court. The King preſides, and is aſſiſted by the archbiſhop of *Toledo*. This council is not confined to any certain number; they meet three times a week, to deliberate on the moſt important affairs of the kingdom.

The council of *Italy* attend to the affairs of *Naples*, *Sicily*, and *Milan*; it is compoſed of a preſident, and ſix counſellors, three of whom are Spaniards, one Neapolitan, one Italian, and one Sicilian; each of which have their ſeparate charge on the affairs of thoſe countries.

The council of *Finances and Treaſure* is compoſed of a preſident, who is called *preſidente de hazienda*, that is, ſuperintendant of the finances; eight counſellors, and a great number of other officers, beſide treaſurers, controllers, &c. who have a great

ſhare of the moſt important affairs of the nation to regulate; they hear cauſes, and are not only entruſted with the treaſures of the kingdom, but with adminiſtration of juſtice to all the king's ſubjects. You may eaſily judge what a number of officers compoſe this council, when I tell you, that they have twenty-ſix treaſurers.

The council of *Flanders* have now only the *name*; as the King of England bears that of France.——The formal manner which men, high in office or blood, obſerve in paying or receiving viſits, is very ſingular: the inquiſitor-general, for inſtance, has ſeveral black lines marked upon the floor of his anti-chamber, by which he limits the civilities he is to ſhew to men, according to the rank or office they bear: he has his *black* marks for an embaſſador, an envoy, &c. When people of condition at Madrid propoſe to make a viſit, it is previouſly announced by a page, to know the day and hour they can be received;

ceived; and this ceremony is often uſed on ordinary viſits, as well as thoſe of a more public nature: the page too has his coach to carry him upon theſe errands. I have ſeen the account of a viſit made by the Cardinal of *Arragon* to the Admiral of *Caſtile*, the train of which filled the whole ſtreet; he was carried by ſix ſervants in a magnificent chair, and followed by his body coach drawn by eight mules, attended by his gentlemen, pages, eſquires, all mounted on horſeback, and arrayed in a moſt ſumptuous manner. Every order of men aſſume an air of importance in Spain. I have been aſſured, that when a ſhoemaker has been called upon to make a pair of ſhoes, he would not undertake the work till he had firſt enquired of *Dona*, his wife, whether there was any money in the houſe? if ſhe anſwered in the affirmative, he would not work. Even the beggars do not give up this univerſal privilege, as the following inſtance will evince:—A foreigner of faſhion, who was reading in a bookſeller's

ſhop in Madrid, was accoſted by one of the town beggars, who in an arrogant manner aſked his charity, in terms which implied a demand rather than a favour. The ſtranger made no reply, nor did he take the leaſt notice, but determined to continue reading, and diſmiſs the inſolent beggar by his ſilent contempt: this encreaſed the beggar's hardineſs; he told him, he might find time enough to read after he had attended to his requeſt, and what he had to ſay. But ſtill the gentleman read on, and diſregarded his rudeneſs. At length, the beggar ſtept up to him, and with an air of the utmoſt inſolence, at the ſame time taking him hold by the arm, added, What! neither charity, nor courteſy? By this time, the ſtranger loſt all patience, and was going to correct him for his temerity: —Stop, Sir, (ſaid the beggar, in a lower tone of voice) hear me;—pardon me, Sir; do you not know me? No, certainly; replied the ſtranger. But, ſaid he, you ought, for I was ſecretary to an embaſſy in a certain

tain capital, where we lived together in intimacy; and then told him his name, and the particular misfortunes which had reduced him to that condition; he expreſſed himſelf with art, addreſs, and eloquence, and ſucceeded in getting money from the gentleman, though he could not convince him that he was his old acquaintance.

There are in Spain an infinite number of ſuch ſort of beggars, who are men of ſenſe and letters, and ſo *au fait* in the art, that they will not be denied. The grand ſecret of the art of begging is in perſeverance; and all the *well-bred* part of beggars do not deſpair, though they have ten refuſals. But the worſt ſort of beggars in Spain, are the troops of male and female gipſies: theſe are the genuine breed, and differ widely from all other gipſies, and, I may ſay, from all other human beings. In Spain I often met troops of theſe people; and when that interview happens in roads very diſtant

from towns or dwellings, the interview is not very pleaſing; for they aſk as if they knew they were not to be refuſed; and, I dare ſay, often commit murders, when they can do it by ſurprize. Whenever I ſaw any of theſe people at a diſtance, I walked with a gun in my hand, and near to the ſide of my chaiſe, where there were piſtols viſible; and by ſhewing them I was not afraid, or, at leaſt, making them believe ſo, they became afraid of us. They are extremely ſwarthy, with hair as black as jet; and form a very picturesque ſcene under the ſhade of thoſe rocks and trees, where they ſpend their evenings; and live in a manner by no means diſagreeable, in a climate ſo ſuitable to that ſtyle, where bread, water, and idleneſs is certainly preferable to better fare and hard labour. It is owing to this univerſal idleneſs that the roads, the inns, and every thing, but what is abſolutely neceſſary, is neglected; yet, bad as the roads are, they are better than the *poſada*, or inns. *El ſalir de la poſáda*,

es la mejor jornáda,—" *the beſt part of the journey,* ſay the Spaniards, *is the getting out of the poſada.*" For as neither king nor people are at much expence to make or mend the high roads, except juſt about the capital cities, they are dry or wet, rough or ſmooth, ſteep or rugged, juſt as the weather or the ſoil happens to favour or befoul them.——Now, here is a riddle for your ſon; I know he is an adept, and will ſoon overtake me.

I'm rough, I'm ſmooth, I'm wet, I'm dry;
My ſtation's low, my title's high;
The King my lawful maſter is.
I'm us'd by all, though only his:
My common freedom's ſo well known,
I am for that a proverb grown.

The roads in Spain are, like thoſe in Ireland, very *narrow*, and the leagues very long. When I complained to an Iriſh ſoldier of the length of the miles, between Kinſale and Cork, he acknowledged the truth of my obſervation; but archly added, that

that though they were *long*, they were but *narrow*.——Three Spaniſh leagues make nearly twelve Engliſh miles; and, conſequently, ſeventeen Spaniſh leagues make nearly one degree. The bad roads, ſteep mountains, rapid rivers, &c. occaſion moſt of the goods and merchandize, which are carried from one part of the kingdom to the other, to be conveyed on mule-back, and each mule has generally a driver; and as theſe drivers have their fixed ſtages from *poſada* to *poſada*, ſo muſt the gentlemen travellers alſo, becauſe there are no other accommodations on the roads but ſuch houſes; the ſtables therefore at the *poſadas* are not only very large, but the beſt part of the building, and is the lodging-room of man and beaſt; all the muleteers ſleep there, with their cloaths on, upon a bundle of ſtraw: but while your ſupper is preparing, the kitchen is crowded with a great number of theſe dirty fellows, whoſe cloaths are full of vermin; it would be impoſſible, therefore, for even a good cook

to

to dreſs a diſh with any decency or cleanlineſs, were ſuch a cook to be found; for, excluſive of the numbers, there is generally a quarrel or two among them, and at all times a noiſe, which is not only tireſome, but frequently alarming. Theſe people, however, often carry large ſums of money, and though they are dirty, they are not poor nor diſhoneſt.—I was told in France, to beware of the *Catalans*; yet I frequently left many looſe things in and about my chaiſe, where fifty people lay, and never loſt any thing.

When I congratulated myſelf in a letter to my brother, upon finding in Wales a Gentleman of the name of Cooke, whoſe company, converſation, and acquaintance, were ſo perfectly pleaſing to me; my brother obſerved, however, that my Welch *friend* was not a *Welchman*, for, ſaid he, "there are no COOKS in Wales;"—but this obſervation may be with more juſtice applied to Spain; for I think there are no

COOKS

Cooks in Spain; but there are, what is better, a great number of honeſt, virtuous men: I look upon the true, genuine Spaniards to be as reſpectable men as any in Europe; and that, among the lower order of them, there is more honour and honeſty than is to be found among more poliſhed nations; and, I dare ſay, there were an hundred Spaniards at *Barcelona*, had they been as well informed about my identity as Meſſrs. Curtoys and Wombwell, that would have changed my notes, or lent me money without.

P. S. The tour through Spain and Portugal by Udal ap Rhys, grandfather to the now Mr. Price of Foxley in Herefordſhire, abounds with more falſhoods than truths; indeed I have been told it was written, as many modern travels are, over a pipe in a chimney corner: and I hope Mr. Udal never was in Spain, as "*one fib is more excuſable than a thouſand.*"

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

NISMES.

MONS^r *Anglois* having ſent me back my *paſſa-porte*, ſigned by *Don Philipe Cabine*, the Captain-General of *Barcelona*, accompanied by a very kind and friendly letter, I determined to quit the only place in Spain which had afforded me pleaſure, amuſement, and delight. We accordingly ſat off the next day for *Martorel*, and went to the Three Kings, where our Italian hoſt, whoſe extortions I had complained of before, received us with a face of the utmoſt diſdain; and though he had no company in his houſe, put us into much worſe apartments than thoſe we had been in before. I ordered ſomething for ſupper, and left it to him, as he had given us a very good one before; but he was not only determined to puniſh us in lodging, but

but in eating alſo, and ſent only four little mutton cutlets, ſo ſmall, that they were not ſufficient for one, inſtead of four perſons; we pretended, however, not to perceive his inſolence, that he might not enjoy our puniſhment; and the next day, as I was deſirous of looking about me a little, we removed to another *poſada*, where, about noon, a Canon of great eccleſiaſtical preferment arrived, with a coach, ſix mules, and a large retinue, to dinner: the Canon had no more the marks of a gentleman than a muleteer; and he had with him two or three perſons, of no better appearance. While his dinner, a kind of *olla*, was preparing, I went into the kitchen, where the ſmell of the rancid oil with which it was dreſſed, would have dined two or three men of moderate or tender ſtomachs; nor had he any other diſh. There was behind his coach a great quantity of bedding, bedſteads, &c. ſo you will perceive he travelled *comme il faut*. His livery ſervants were numerous, and had on very ſhort livery

very coats, with large ſleeves, and ſtill ſhorter waiſts. After he had eat a dinner, enough to poiſon a pack of hounds, he ſat off in great pomp for *Barcelona*,—a city I paſſed the next day with infinite pleaſure, without entering its unhoſpitable gates; which I could not have done, had not *Monſ. Anglois* ſaved me that mortification by getting my *paſſa porte refreſhed*. I confeſs, Sir, that while I paſſed under the fortifications of that city, which the high road made neceſſary, I felt, I knew not why, a terror about me, that my frame is in general a ſtranger to; and rather riſqued two hours' night travelling, bad and dangerous as the roads were, than ſleep within four leagues of it; ſo that it was ten o'clock before we got to *Martereau*, a little city by the ſea ſide, where we had lodged on our way *to Barcelona*. The next day, we proceeded on the ſame delightful ſea coaſt we had before paſſed, and through the ſame rich villages, on our way to *Girone*, *Figuiere*, &c. and avoided that horrid *poſada* where

where the Frenchman died, by lying at a worſe houſe, but better people; but having bought a brace of partridges, and ſome *red fiſh* on the road, we fared ſumptuouſly, except in beds, which were ſtraw mattraſſes, very hard, and the room full of wet Indian corn; but we were no ſooner out of our *poſada*, than the climate and the beautiful country made ample amends for the town and *poſada* grievances.

It is contrary to the law of Spain to bring more than a certain quantity of Spaniſh gold or ſilver out of the kingdom, and I had near an hundred pounds in gold *duras*, about the ſize of our quarter guineas. I endeavoured to change them at *Figuiere*, but I found ſome very artful, I may ſay roguiſh, ſchemes laid, to defraud me, by a pretended difficulty to get French money, and therefore determined to proceed with it to *Jonquiere*, the laſt village, where it was not probable I could find ſo much French money. I therefore had a very large

large French *queüe* made up, within which the greater part of my Spaniſh gold was bound; and as the weight *made* me hold up my *tête d'or*, the cuſtom-houſe officers there, who remembered my entrance into Spain, found half-a-crown put into their hands leſs trouble than examining my baggage gratis; they accordingly *paſſed* me on my way to *Bellegarde*, without even opening it; and we found the road up to that fortreſs, though in the month of December, full as good as when we had paſſed it in the ſummer; and after deſcending on the French ſide, and croſſing the river, got to the little *auberge* at *Boulou*, the ſame we had held too bad when we went into Spain, even to eat our breakfaſt at; but upon our return, worthy of a place of reſt, and we accordingly ſtaid there a week: beds with curtains, rooms with chimnies, and paper windows, though tattered and torn, were luxuries we had been unaccuſtomed to.—— But I muſt not omit to tell you, that on our road down on the French ſide of the

Pyrenées,

Pyrenées, two men, both armed with guns, ruſhed ſuddenly out of the woods, and making towards us, aſked, whether we wanted a guard? I was walking, perhaps fortunately at that time, with my fuzee in my hand, and my ſervant had a double barrelled piſtol in his; and therefore forbid them to approach us, and told them, we had nothing to loſe but our lives, and that if they did not retire I ſhould look upon them as people who meant to plunder, rather than to protect us: they accordingly retired into the woods, and I began to believe they had no evil intent; but finding an *Exempt* of the *Maréchauſſée* at *Boulou*, I told him what had paſſed, and aſked him whether his men attended upon that road, in coloured cloaths, or any others were allotted, to protect or guard travellers? He aſſured me there were no ſuch people of any kind; that his men always moved on horſeback, in their proper character, and ſuſpected *our guard* would have been very troubleſome, had they found us *off our guard*;

guard; but he did not offer, nor did I aſk him, to ſend after them, though he was a very civil, ſenſible man, who had been three years on duty in *Corſica*; and, conſequently, his company, for the week I ſtaid in ſuch a poor town, was very agreeable. And as *Monſ. Bernard*, or ſome officer of the *Maréchauſſée*, is always in duty at this town, I would adviſe thoſe who enter into Spain, by that rout, to procure a couple of thoſe men to eſcorte them up to *Bellegarde*—an attention that no officer in Franee will refuſe to ſhew, when it is not incompatible with his duty.

The rapid water at this town, which I had paſſed going into Spain, was now lower than uſual. Here too my horſe, as well as his maſter, lived truly *in clover*; and though our habitation was humble, a habitation at the very foot of the *Pyrenées* could not but be very beautiful; no part of France is more ſo; it is indeed a beautiful and noble ſight, to ſee the hanging

plantations of vines, olives, and mulberry trees, warmed by a hot ſun on the ſides of thoſe mountains, the upper parts of which are covered with a perpetual ſnow. But beautiful as all that part of the country is, there was not a ſingle gentleman's houſe in the environs.

After a compleat week's refreſhment, we proceeded to *Perpignan* to ſpend our Chriſtmas, where we found the *Chevalier de Maigny* and his Lady, who had given us the letter of recommendation to the French Conſul at *Barcelona*; who ſhewed us thoſe marks of civility and politeneſs, French officers in general ſhew to ſtrangers. There we ſtaid a fortnight; and *Monſ. de Maigny* got me a conſiderable profit, in changing my Spaniſh gold for French.

In this town, I found an unfortunate young Iriſhman; he had been there three months, without a friend or a ſhilling in his

his pocket; and as he was a man of education and good breeding, I could not ſo ſoon forget my own ſituation at *Barcelona*, not to pity his; but what moſt induced me to aſſiſt him a little, was, what he feared might have had a contrary effect. When I aſked him his name, he readily anſwered, "R——h; an unfortunate name!" ſaid he;—"but, as it is my name, I will *wear* "*it*."——He had a well-wiſher in the town, a French watch-maker, to whom he imparted the little kindneſs I had ſhewn him; and as it was not enough to conduct him on foot to the north ſide of this kingdom, the generous, but poor watch-maker, gave him as much as I had done, and he ſat off with a light heart, though a *thin pair of breeches*, for his own country. He had been to viſit a rich relation at Madrid; and, I believe, did not meet with ſo cordial a reception there as he expected.

At this town I drank, at a private gentleman's houſe, part of a bottle of the wine made

made at a little village hard by, called *Rios Alto*; the moſt delicious wine I ever taſted: but as the ſpot produces but a ſmall quantity, that which is really of the growth is very ſcarce, as well as dear: it has the ſtrength of full port, with a flavour ſuperior to burgundy.

Perpignan is the principal city of *Roſſillein*; it is well fortified, but the works are in a ruinous condition; the ſtreets are narrow and dirty, but the Governor's, and the botannic gardens are worthy of notice; the climate is remarkably fine, and the air pure. The *Pyrenées*, which are at leaſt fifteen miles diſtant, appear to hang in a manner over the town: to ſee ſo much ſnow, and feel ſo much ſun, is very ſingular. Wood is very ſcarce and dear in that town; I frequently ſaw mules and aſſes loaded with roſemary and lavender buſhes, to ſell for firing. The barbarous language of the common people of this province, is very convenient, as they underſtand French,

and

and can make themſelves underſtood thro' a great part of Spain; from which kingdom not a day paſſes but mules and carriages arrive, except when the heavy rains or ſnow obſtruct the communication.—— The mules and aſſes of Spain, and this part of France, are not only very uſeful but valuable beaſts: the only way to get a valuable one of either ſort from Spain, is, to fix upon the beaſt, and promiſe a round ſum to one of the religious mendicants to ſmuggle it out of the kingdom, who covers the animal with bags, baſkets, and a variety of trumpery, as if he was going into France to collect charity; and paſſes, either by *not* being ſuſpected, or by being a *Religieux* if he is ſuſpected.

As we took exactly the ſame rout from *Perpignan* to this town as we went, except leaving *Cette* a few leagues on our left; I ſhall ſay nothing of our return, but that we reliſhed our reception at the French inns, and the good cheer we found there, infinitely

infinitely more than as we went; and that we were benighted for ſome hours before we got into *Montpellier*, and caught in the moſt dreadful ſtorm of rain, thunder and lightning I ever was expoſed to: I was obliged for two hours to hold my horſe's bridle on one ſide, as my man did on the other, and feel with ſticks for the margin of the road, as it was elevated very high above the marſhy lands, and if the wheel had ſlipped over on either ſide, it muſt have overſet the chaiſe into the low lands; beſides which, the roaring of the water-ſtreams was ſo great, that I very often thought we were upon the margin of ſome river or high bridge; nor was my ſuffering quite over even after I got into the city; I could not find my former *auberge*, nor meet with any body to direct me; and the water-ſpouts which fell into the middle of thoſe narrow ſtreets almoſt deluged us.—My poor horſe, too, found the ſteep ſtreets, ſlippery pavement, and tons of water which fell

fell upon him, as much as he could well bear: but, as the old ſong ſays,

> " Alas! by ſome degree of woe,
> " We every bliſs obtain;"———

So we found a good fire and good cheer an ample recompence for our wet jackets.—It was ſo very dark, that though I led my horſe by the head above a league, I could but ſeldom ſee him; nor do I remember in my whole life to have met with any difficulty which ſo agitated my mind:—no; not even at the *bar of the Houſe of Lords*, I did not dread the danger ſo much, as the idea of tumbling my family over a precipice, without the power to aſſiſt them; or, if they were *gone*, reſolution enough to *follow them*.

End *of the* First Volume.